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Poetry.

For the Blade.

SALOMA.

BY H. M. H.

'Twas the last of the dreamy October;
The leaves are all withering fast;
My thoughts chased each other like shadows
That flit on the shuddering blast.

And the crescented moon was rising
Behind the dark shadowy trees;
While the air was haunted with vampires
That sailed in the muttering breeze.

There were indistinct forms in the darkness—
There were glittering eyes in the air;
(Belonging to souls from Gehenna)
Looking out in their Stygian despair.

I slept; and a dream of disaster—
Of remorse and unpardonable woe—
Filled my heart with maddening terror,
And my hopes in the dust were laid low.

And I cried, "Saloma! Saloma!
Come back from the Stygian shore!
Come back to the soul in its sorrow;
But this heart that it sorrow no more!"

The hollow and trembling echoes
Went back with a weird "no more!"
While a voice, like the turbulent tempest,
Muttered words of mysterious lore.

Mutter on! mumble on! foul demon!
And blow your pesty fiendish breath!
I know now the sound it resembles,
'Tis the rumbling wheels of a hearse!

And the corpse in that iron-bound casket,
Is the form of my murdered love;
With my future is bleak desolation,
Unrelieved by a ray from above.

And now, as the starlight is failing,
And my eyes o'erflowing with tears,
As slowly the moonlight is paling,
I moan on the lengthening years.

On the years that stretch into the distance,
To the realms of the shadowy there;
Where the legends that sweep from the mountains,
Sadly murmur an endless "no more."

A SONG FROM THE SEASIDE.

The wild waves beat upon the shore
And murmur low to me;
I hear them, love, far up above
The roaring of the sea.
And when they dash upon the beach,
So bitterly and so free,
I sit and dream; the wavelets seem
To murmur soft of thee.

They roll in on the pebbled sand,
Beneath the cloudless sky;
White shells they bring, and ever sing
A dream lullaby.
And so, sweet summer days, my love,
Beside the sounding sea,
I sit and dream; the wavelets seem
To murmur soft of thee.

No sweeter music e'er was heard
Than that the wild waves sing;
None can proclaim a dearer name
Than that the wild waves bring.
For, love, the name they bring is thine,
And looks to the sky I see,
I sit and dream; the wavelets seem
To murmur soft of thee.

Our Story Teller.

SALLY'S LOVERS.

The London season was at its height, when the news spread like wildfire that bonny Sally Bethune was engaged to stiff and starched Oliver Tremayne. Every one wondered at it. Every one said, Why on earth does that pretty girl marry—well! if not exactly her grandfather, at least her uncle! Is that Grundy worshipping old person to carry off the brightest little girl in the three kingdoms? It is a shame! Every one wondered, but only Sally, her Aunt, Lady Vera, and one other person know the real reason why Sally's smiles had suddenly vanished, and why she accepted a wooer of whom she stood considerably in awe. She accepted him one fine Easter morning, and now before the June roses were fully blown she feared him more than ever, and disliked him with all her heart. When she heard, therefore, that Lady Vera had been ordered by her doctor to spend a month at once in the country house, and to the fresh breezes of Southshire, Sally's smiles reappeared; she laughed and chattered while she superintended the packing of her trunks, and when at last they were strapped and corded she jumped over them for joy that she was leaving London, and also leaving Oliver Tremayne.

June passed and the color returned to her cheeks. Her cousin Dinora, Lady Vera's favorite niece, came to spend the summer at the Manor, and the two girls laughed and sang from morning till night. It is so good to be 19 years old, and to have left one's horrid lover a hundred miles away. One day Lady Vera announced that she had invited Colonel Brummell and his friend Sandie McTavish, a red-haired man (one of the red-haired McTavishes), to spend a fortnight at the Manor.

"They have been in Australia for the last two years," she said, "and now that they have returned to England I feel bound to show them some hospitality." But alas for the futility of human hopes! On the morning of the day when the two guests were expected Lady Vera found that her rheumatism had increased to such an extent that she could not rise from her bed. She groaned and struggled, but all in vain, and at length she summoned Dinora, to weigh that young woman's shoulders with a burden of responsibilities, chief among which was the charge of her wounded Sally.

"You might let her ride any of the hunters or drive tandem down Caiden High street, or do any of the other mad things for which she has a genius," she said imploringly, "and send at once to Mr. Tremayne to bring him here. He is the only person who can keep a check on Sarah's follies."

Dinora's face fell, and she begged that the telegram might not be sent. She could not endure Oliver, and she heartily pitied Sally for her ill-fortune. But her aunt was immovable, and, as opposition always hardened her, the telegram was despatched, and Dinora retreated to bear the unwelcome news to her cousin, and thereby quenched Sally's mirth effectually.

"Ugh! groaned the bride-elect, sinking on the sofa in an attitude of dejection. "How I hate a sterling character! and how I do love bad, frivolous people! Dinah! Dinah! if you wish to be happy, marry a sinner, and never, never say Yes to a Pharisee with a well-balanced mind."

"You know Punch's advice to those about to marry," said Dinora, "Sally! Sally! the soul of wit," and Punch says 'Don't!'"

"I wish I were a dynamiter, I wish I were a vampire, I wish I were a Kilkenny cat, that I might blow him up, and scratch his eyes out, and then haunt him. With what joy could I blow him up! and then I would mark the happy spot with the inscription, 'Here Oliver exploded.' It would be a whole biography in three little words, for every one knows that he is always living me up. Why does not he marry some one else? Oh, Samaritan female, wherever you be, Come! take him, wed him, and let me go free."

"Allow me to refer to my favorite quotation," said Dinora. "There are three things in this world which deserve no quarter—hypocrisy, pharisaism, and tyranny. To this catalogue I add a fourth thing—namely, Oliver Tremayne."

"I dare not break off my engagement with him, I am so afraid of Aunt Vera. Don't tell any one, but the fact is that I got into an awful scrape last Easter. It really was no more than a joke. I meant no harm. But you know how I love fun, and—then—well, at last Aunt Vera was furious—and told me that she would wash her hands of me altogether—that I must marry some one who would keep me in order—and so, now—Mr. Tremayne is my gaoler."

"Could you not find a nicer gaoler?" asked Dinora indignantly.

"I am so dreadfully afraid of both of them, of both Oliver and Aunt Vera. I should never dare even to hint to either of them that I should like to break off the engagement. Isn't it hard that we girls may do so many things on which people smile indulgently, and then, without meaning any harm, we do something else, and instantly everybody's tongue is set wagging? And yet I cannot see the wickedness of that special prank which called down Aunt Vera's thunders on my head. However, she called it dreadful! And I grew so frightened and depressed that when she told me that she hoped I should accept Mr. Tremayne's proposal, I did not dare say 'No.'"

"And now she has telegraphed for him." "All of our fun will be stopped. I had looked forward for years to some such lovely time as this might have been. Fancy days of unbounded liberty, enlivened by the presence of two visitors. Freshly arrived from Australia, we might have imposed on them so delightfully and could have instructed them in the newest pleasures of the English aristocracy. They might possibly have begun by feeling qualms, but we could have greatly insinuated that their ideas were colonial. How we might astonished their little minds! But now, farewell to joy and liberty! Enter the gaoler with the handcuffs—I mean the engagement ring."

The two visitors arrived that afternoon and were received by Dinora, who enjoyed playing the part of the gracious hostess, and who flattered herself that she played it rather well. Claude Brummell was a tall broad man of six-and-twenty, with a good tempered face and a fresh cheery laugh. Sandie, on the contrary, was short and wiry looking with bright red hair and laughing blue eyes. He claimed kinship with the McCallum Mores, and was proud of the fact that one of his ancestors had been hanged for cattle-lifting. He owned a tumble down old castle on the borders, and it was popularly said of him, that wherever there was a joke to the fore, Sandie was the boy to enjoy it." His eyes twinkled appreciatively as he noted Dinora's majesty of demeanor, and he attached himself to her, while Claude and Sally strolled off together toward the river. Lady Vera heard their voices as they passed below her window, and she breathed an involuntary and heartfelt prayer that Sarah might be restrained from any super-astounding folly before Mr. Tremayne's arrival.

"He is such a reliable man," she repeated to herself. "I always feel safe when he is with Sarah."

"Don't you really agree with me that engagements are productive of happiness?" said Claude at that same moment, as they stood together at the river's edge, intent on irritating the swans in their vicinity.

"Not at all," was the emphatic reply, as Sally nearly overbalanced herself in flinging a stone at the furthest swan.

"And yet I fancied that a woman sighed for a life of mutual confidences, a life which doubled the joys and halved the sorrows."

"You can not think how mistaken you are," she said, with an earnestness which made him smile. "Being engaged is not one bit what you describe. It is all scold, scold, lecture, lecture, lecture, on the part of the man; and meek behavior, coupled with frantic endeavors to get away from him, on the part of the girl."

He laughed outright. "What an alarming picture. Really, Miss Bethune, your description would deter any one from matrimony.

"No one can even guess what it is like until they have been through it all," she answered with a sigh. He looked at her with a keen, curious glance.

"What—you are not married?" he said distinctly.

"No. Not yet," with a gesture of thanksgiving. Here the footman appeared with a telegram, and at the same time Dinora and Sandie came in sight, strolling leisurely along the nut walk, the former with such a dignity of demeanor that Sally's eyes laughed and wondered all in one. Sandie listening apparently with extreme deference to the words of wisdom which fell from his companion's lips.

"It is a pretty scene! is it not?" said Dinora, turning to Claude with an admirable imitation of Lady Vera's most perfect society manner. Then, catching sight of the telegram, she hastened back to the house to hear it to her aunt.

"Dinah is a dear niece," explained Sally "and I am the wicket niece."

"This sad condition does not apparently distress you much," said Sandie.

"No. I rise superior to it. I say to myself, 'Sally Bethune, you are naughty but nice.'"

Then Dinora returned and giving Sally a friendly nod, said: "A three days' deprivement. Not until Thursday evening by the 9:30 train." Claude wondered why Miss Bathune clasped her hands in such an exuberance of delight, and why she murmured—

"The execution is deferred."

The rest of the day sped all too swiftly. There were moments when Sally's spirits threatened to break bounds, and when Dinora new herself up in such portentous dignity that Claude was struck with amazement; though after a time it was noticeable that Sandie McTavish greeted these majestic airs with suppressed delight. How the hours flew. As twilight fell, Sally insisted that every one should relate the most thrilling ghost-story which she knew. And Sandie was pounded to tell the tale of the shadowy hand of his Border Castle.

"It appears to turn to every McTavish shortly before his death," he said. "My grandfather was the last to see it. He was sitting one summer afternoon in his study, when he saw the shadow of a great hand appear suddenly on the wall, it approached nearer and nearer until it stopped on the wall just above my grandfather's head."

Sally shivered. "What did he do!"

"He moved his chair out into the middle of the room. He was a canny Scot, and he said that he did not like manifestations, had an objection to shadowy hands coming near his bald head."

"Oh! dreadful! Good night!" and Sally jumped up. "Dinah, do come up stairs with me, or I shall feel as if shadowy hands were pursuing me. Good-night, Mr. Brummell."

"How cold your hands are!" he said.

"Cold hands, warm heart," she answered brightly.

"Yes," he said gravely, "there is nothing shadowy or unreal about you."

"Both or that, and on the two following nights Lady Vera fell asleep in peace. For Dinora was able to give her a perfectly truthful account of days spent in decorous amusements; and Oliver will be here to-morrow," she added, sadly, on Wednesday night. Whereupon Lady Vera sighed thankfully.

"Come? Get up! Get up! Get up! Get up! Lazy bones!" were the words which greeted Dinora's ears on the fateful Thursday morning, while Sally enforced them by shaking her cousin till the bed rocked. "Get up at once, Dinah. I have got the most lovely idea."

"Oh, don't. Please don't," begged Dinora pathetically, as visions of past lovely and hazardous pranks floated before her eyes.

"Don't what? Don't shake you?"

"No. Don't have any lovely ideas, Sally. I know so well what they are, and I really dread them."

"Nonsense! it is all very well for you to imitate Aunt Vera when you are down stairs, but I know that you love fun quite as much as I do. Get up, Dinah. Don't waste this heavenly day in bed. I feel as if I simply must make the most of my last day of freedom, and I mean to signalize it."

"Oh dear!" gasped Dinora, in unfeigned alarm.

"You remember the old Aunt Sally which is lying somewhere in the lofts. I am going to turn her into a lovely Guy Fawkes, and then we will carry it in procession round the lawn and burn it in the orchard. (Dinora's eyes grew round with horror.) Do get back, and get dressed. I shall have finished the Guy before the men appear, and we shall have a grand bonfire after breakfast."

"I will have nothing to do with it" cried Dinora, but she looked half distracted, and even as she spoke she reflected that as she could not stop Sally in her extravagances, she might as well share in the revelry.

I wonder whether Mr. Brummell has an old hat that he does not want? My Guy looks rather like a rag doll as yet, and an old pot hat would give him such a stylish air. Do you know, Dinora, I rather like Mr. Brummell, and I feel that I am becoming overpowered by a desire to see how far I can plague him, before he loses his temper. I do like to see that odd expression which comes over a man's face when he is not quite sure whether he would like to eat you or to beat you."

Dinora yawned, stretching her round white arms above her head. "Sally! Sally!" she said, shaking her finger to point her speech; "you have given your young affections away, wisely—"

"Oh!" with a groan of despair.

"Take care that you now do not give them away too well, and—to another person." But before her speech was ended Sally had disappeared and could be heard dancing down the corridor.

The Guy was finished by 10 o'clock, and just as Dinora was presiding over the breakfast table and conversing graciously with her guests Sally appeared on the lawn, parading her handiwork in the big wheelbarrow, and followed by an old spaniel and six yelping, tumbling puppies, who were snarling and growling with rage at the black crape bandages tied round their necks in token of mourning.

"What a disreputable old Guy!" said Sandie, stepping out of the open window all ready for the fray. "But, Miss Bethune, your chief mourners are behaving rather badly. They could hardly be described as mutes."

"They are Guy's nearest relatives," said Sally with a grin, "and they are inconsolable."

"Who is he like?" asked Claude, looking at the old Aunt Sally, whose face was painted into a villainous representation of a man with mutton-chop whiskers, and whose usually toothless mouth was now adorned with a set of perfect teeth.

"Aunt Vera's best set!" said Dinora to herself, with an expression of stony horror.

"Who is he like?" he repeated. "His face reminds me so much of some one I have seen, but I can not remember who."

Sally laughed mischievously. "The original is a man whom I adore. He possesses all my young affections," she said, and as she saw that the wished-for odd expression came stealing over Claude's face she danced round the barrow and then trundled it off in the direction of the orchard. But the bonfire had not been lighted, and she set her burden upon the cucumber frames.

"It will make a capital tattle-bogle," said Sandie. Dinora looked on in amusement, while Sally clasped her hands, and at that moment Lady Vera's maid came stepping across the orchard with the message that her mistress had seen Miss Bethune from her windows as she crossed the lawn, and that she wished Miss Bathune to come to her room as soon as she returned to the house. Dinora shook her head in dismay, but Sally gave one despairing cry and then fled to the shrubbery, where she and Claude spent the remainder of the day beneath the apple trees, only emerging now and then to make a raid on the strawberry beds. However, when ten time arrived the pangs of hunger assailed them, and they returned to the house, where Sally ordered piles of muffins to be brought up for tea. Lady Vera upstairs wondered why the drawing-room bell was rung three times with such short pauses between the peals. And it was well that she was unaware that as each peal was answered Dinora said, calmly: "More muffins."

"I love to be greedy," said Sally, marching off to a distant corner of the room with a big muffin on her plate, Claude following with the teacups. "Besides, Mr. Brummell, you know that prisoners are always allowed to have one specially good meal before execution."

"What does Miss Bethune mean by this dark saying?" asked Claude, turning to Dinora. But Dinora and Sandie were engrossed in a consultation on palmistry.

"These bumps mean sympathy," said Sandie, touching her five finger-tips with a reverential hand.

"Am I sympathetic?" she asked, in a pleased tone.

"It is a hand that can give and yet a hand that can hold," he continued, poring over the network of lines in the pink palm. "Now look at that line; it is the line of life; let me see—bend your hand a little more—what an extraordinary line—you certainly ought to live to 110. And here—turn your thumb over—yes—the course of true love will run smooth."

"Do let me see what you are doing," interposed Sally. "This is a most interesting game. Mr. Brummell, do come and see what they are doing. Mr. McTavish can tell fortunes. And this is much more amusing way than with tea leaves or orange peel."

"No, no," cried Sandie, "do not ask me to tell your fortune, Miss Bethune. I could not guess so hard at a riddle."

"Do try," she pleaded, coyly. "I love this sort of thing. A gipsy once told me that my life would be almost ruined by one man, and then be unexpectedly blessed by another man. Isn't it interesting? Only I wish that she had told me their names.

"In order that you may upset the prophecy?" asked Claude.

"I am more likely to upset the tea table if I kneel any longer on one knee while Mr. McTavish won't tell my fortune. Do help me up, Dinah; I am sure I have got cramp. Oh——do you know, Mr. Brummell, that I was once told a most excellent remedy for cramp. It began: Take——what was it you were to to take?"

"Take your cramp," suggested Sandie.

"No. Take your poker and hit yourself sharply with one end of it, and then——I forget the other instructions; but I remember thinking that when I next had cramp I would not carry them into effect."

"I should think that tennis or some such active exercise, was the best remedy," suggested Claude.

She jumped up. "Active exercise," she cried, "the very thing! Let us play all the gaiters down, on their sides, and then let us have a grand steeplechase over them. I am dying to have a good chivy."

"No, no," pleaded Dinora. "No, Sally, don't. Oh, please, Mr. Brummell, do stop her. Mr. McTavish! Sally! Mr. Brummell!"

But she spoke to deaf ears. Sally was in high spirits at her happy thought, and was already dancing on the top of an adjoining sunk enclosure, while Claude and Sandie moved the piano into one corner, tables and screens into another corner, and thus arranged the whole length of the room "into a most delightful course," explained Sally, "the chairs are hurdles and the sofa is the brook."

Dinora subsided into her chair, shaking her head with dismay and desperation. "Do stop," she cried, making another effort to secure order; but Sally sprang down from the ottoman, and the petition was unheard, while she took a flying leap over a chair, among the plaudits of the audience.

"Bravo!" cried Claude. "This is a splendid game! Miss Bethune, what an inventive genius you have!"

"What will Aunt Vera say!" cried Dinora, and two men paused aghast, but Sally cried, "Don't attend to her! Look at me!" and sprang so deftly over another chair that Claude forgot his momentary scruples and followed her with a series of bounds. Sandie stood on the music-stool and hoorayed. Even Dinora at last became infected with the excitement, and though she would not condescend to jump she volunteered to stand at the end of the course and to wave a red riband, which was dubbed the flag.

"Hooray!" cried Sandie, knocking over the music-stool, and clearing the sofa at a bound. "Green to win!" shouted Claude, dashing past.

"I'll bet my money on the bob-tailed nag!" shouted Sally, flourishing over the last chair.

"Ahem!" said a cold dry voice at the door. They all turned in consternation. All were instantly and sadly aware of their flushed cheeks, dishevelled hair, and panting breath. All instantly took note of the dissipated state of the room, with the furniture-legs sprawling in all directions, the cushions in a pile on the floor, the hearth-rug kicked aside. And simultaneously the hearts of the guilty quartet sank into their boots. How wild and foolish they had been! how noisy! how tomboyish! How could they have taken pleasure in such insane revelry! Four pairs of eyes met and exchanged remorseful glances.

"Ahem!" said the same dry voice at the door. "I'm sorry to disturb these—games."

Dinora was the first to collect her wits. With a majesty of deportment that was perfectly overwhelming, she sailed down the room—it was a pity that the grandeur of her progress was marred by the necessity of circling round the chair legs.

"Good evening, Mr. Tremayne," she said. "We did not expect you quite so early. You have taken us by surprise, but——"

"I do not doubt it," was the cold, savagely spoken reply. "Where is Lady Vera?"

"In bed. She is ill with rheumatism."

"I am sorry to hear it. Thank you. No. I do not wish for any tea. I will wait for dinner. I suppose that it will be at 7 as usual."

"Yes. At 7 punctually," she replied meekly, her majesty dwindling into insignificance before Oliver Tremayne's suppressed wrath

"Thank you. Then—ah! you are here, Sarah. Will you kindly allow me the pleasure of five minutes' conversation in the library? No, thank you," to Dinora. "We will go into the library. I wouldn't not for the world disturb you and your friends at your—games." He held open the door, while Sally marched out in silence—poor Sally!—who gave one last look around at the general scattheration and at Claude Brummell, into whose eyes an angry light was stealing.

"Who is Mr. Tremayne? and by what right does he control Miss Bethune's actions?" he asked hotly.

Dinora looked sadly at him. "She is engaged to him," she said in a melancholy tone. "And they are to be married in September."

He laughed aloud, a harsh, grating laugh, that contrasted strangely with his usual geniality.

"Ah!" he said in a half whisper. "Now, I understand all. Being engaged is all scold, scold, scold, lecture, lecture, lecture, on the part of the man, and meek behavior, coupled with frantic endeavors to get away from him, on the part of the girl. Poor little Sally!"

Dinner that night was a sad and dreary performance. Dinora and Sally left the food untouched on their plates. Mr. Tremayne kept watch on all, from his post at the foot of the table, intercepting the sad meaning glances which flashed from eye to eye. He looked, thought Dinora, just like a vicious old spider, gloating over a web full of struggling flies. And yet Oliver Tremayne was not altogether a hard man. He was stiff and starched, and he worshipped Mrs. Grundy with all the fervor of his nature. He was bigoted and narrow-minded, incapable of seeing the reverse side of any question; but he was an honorable and honest man, and loved his wicked Sally with a wild, unreasoning love. He had made her acquaintance the preceding winter, and had at once succumbed to her fascinations, which in this case were involuntary. Not until Easter had he ventured to cherish the least hope of winning her. But at Easter her manner had suddenly changed, and grew meek and silent. He was too dull and obtuse to notice how he wearied her. He only noticed the sudden fall in her high spirits, the quiet and unwonted acquiescence to the dictates of her elders. He read all these signs and he misinterpreted them. He proposed to her, and half-indifferent, half-frightened, she accepted him. When he first made her acquaintance he knew her to be cheerful and lively, fond of laughter, and careless of comment, but until this day he had been unaware of the full excess and daringness of the frolics in which her soul delighted. And the sight which met him at the drawing-room door struck horror to his heart. What! was that his future wife who was capering over prostrate chairs and singing execrated nary doggerels about hob-tailed nags? He shuddered at the mere remembrance. And then, too, Sally had not taken his subsequent rebukes in such good part as she had formerly taken them. She had been frightened, but at the same time she had answered rebelliously. "What could have possessed Lady Vera," he thought, angrily, "to invite these two objectionable young men to her country-house?"

As dinner proceeded the spark of rebellion died out in Sally's breast, and she grew meek and depressed. But the general dulness had the opposite effect on Dinora. Her majesty vanished, to be succeeded by rampant liveliness, and Sandie really thanking her stars that it was not she who was to marry Mr. Tremayne), she plunged into an animated conversation with Sandie, and grew momentarily more buoyant as she felt Oliver's reproachful eyes watching her with disapproval. At last, dinner over, she and Sally left the room.

"Come into the drawing-room," she whispered, "I want to tell you how sorry Mr. Brummell is for you. I think he hates Oliver. He looks at him as if he could eat him.'

But Sally's high spirits had vanished with the arrival of her gaoler, and, refusing consolation, she ran upstairs to her own room, though when she got there she wished that she had asked Dinah exactly what Mr. Brummell had said. It was so nice in him to be sorry for her!

Dinora meanwhile paced up and down in the now rearranged drawing room, pondering over her cousin's troubles, and wishing that she could devise some plan by means of which she could escape from the web. Presently she heard some one leave the dining room and linger in the hall. Then there was a sound of subdued voices. She did not wish to listen, but the door was not quite closed, and she could not avoid hearing what was said.

"Oh yes, do come down stairs. Bring a shawl, and we will go into the conservatory."

"I wish I dared to."

"Yes. Do come" (very persuasively).

"I am afraid of him—still—do you think I might venture?"

"Yes. Do come, (still more persuasively.) We will slip into the conservatory by the little side door, and no one will guess where we are. I must have a quiet word with you. Will you come?"

"Yes."

A slight scuffle ensued, as of hasty footsteps escaping round a distant corner, and a door was quietly closed. Dinah felt inclined to cheer.

Again the dining-room door was opened. "What shall I do?" she thought. "If Oliver finds me here he will ask for Sally, and will perhaps send me to find her."

She was prompt and full of resource, and the next moment, as a hand was laid on the door-handle, she slipped behind the curtains and stood in the niche of the window. Some one entered the room. The step was almost too brisk to be Mr. Tremayne's; and surely Oliver never humored snatches of comic songs. It must be Mr. McTavish. What was he attempting now? She put her fan to her lips and shook with laughter, as, after a few ineffectual attempts, he burst out with:

Go, dress yourself, Dinah, in gorgeous array,
And I'll bring you a husband both handsome and gay.

"What a lucky man he will be!"

What was he doing? Shoving the chairs about? Oh, indeed! opening the photograph albums. What a deep sigh! Who can the fair enslaver be who evokes such a sigh? Moving about again; the Fates grant he did that he should discover her hidden behind the curtain. Ah! what a mercy! He has left the room. No—yes. What's heavy step in the hall! Is he coming back again? Bothheration! How can she manage to escape? No, he has gone into the library. What is that funny snorting noise—a sort of a wheezing snort? Oh, of course it must be Aunt Vera's spaniel. Fido will discover her at once, so she may as well come out while the room is empty. Yes, that is Fido wheezing.

Then, flinging aside the curtain:

"Was he a dear old doody? and did I quite surprise him? Oh!" For out of the deep velvet arm-chair rose Mr. Tremayne, awful in his politeness. "I beg your pardon—I did not know that you were in the room," she added, hastily.

"That is a remark which I may repeat," he said, blandly, in the particularly superior tone which always enraged her.

"Pray sit down again," she said, sharply.

"I was waiting to see if Miss Dinora had prepared any more surprises for me."

"For you?"

"Was not the surprise—quite a pleasurable surprise—of seeing you emerge from behind the curtains, was it not intended for me? Ah, pardon me, perhaps it was intended for the red-haired young man."

"I wonder that even Mr. Tremayne's courtesy should be quite so threadbare as to permit him to ask such a question, she replied tetly.

"There is one question which I have a right to ask, and to which I demand an answer," he said hotly, dropping his mask of politeness, and glaring at her with furious eyes.

"I was not aware that you had any claims on my conversation."

"Where is Sarah?"

She raised her blue eyes innocently, inquiringly. "This excitement is very extraordinary. Why——"

"Answer me," he said savagely. "I wish to know where Sarah is."

She laughed contemptuously. "Really, Mr. Tremayne, you are quite melodramatic. If you are in the habit of making these sudden and unexpected demands on Sarah's presence, you should teach her the little sentence, 'Whistle, and I'll come to thee, my lad.'"

He glared at her again, then walked round the room, glancing suspiciously in all corners, while she laughed a light, mocking laugh.

"I believe they are in the conservatory," he said suddenly.

"Who do you mean by 'they'? she asked, trying to speak indifferently, but unable to banish a pang of uneasiness from her voice. He glowered suspiciously at her, and without vouchsafing a reply unlocked the door which opened into the conservatory, which ran the whole breath of the house and which could be entered either from drawing room or library. As he opened the door the sound of voices could be distinctly heard. Oliver started, and Dinah felt sick and faint.

"My darling! why do you give another thought to the brute!"

"But, Claude, he is not quite a brute. Only, only, I am so afraid of him and of Aunt Vera. And I have learnt to dislike him so much since we were engaged."

"Then why on earth did you ever engage yourself to him?"

There was a burst of sobs. "I don't know how to tell you? Do you think that I ought to tell you?"

"Not if you would rather not. Still, I think if you told me all that I should be better able to fight our battles."

"And you won't be very angry?"

"No."

"Nor very shocked?"

"Certainly not."

"Because I did such a dreadful thing. I hardly dare to confess it to you?"

He moved uneasily. "It shall be as you wish, Sally."

"Yes. I will tell you. I shall be far happier when I have told you everything, even though you may be shocked. You know, Claude, I always felt that I ought to have confessed it to Mr. Tremayne, but really, really, I could not tell him."

"Never mind about him. You will have nothing more to do with him now."

"Well! this was what I did. Aunt Vera says it was a dreadful thing. You must know that I can imitate cats snarling at each other so well that I can deceive even themselves. I have often done it, and I used to be so proud of my accomplishment. Well! one night last Easter, when we were in town, Aunt Vera had a big dinner party, about two dozen people, and I did not dine that night. I forget why. But anyhow, about 9 o'clock I was sitting out on the drawing-room balcony, before all the people came up-stairs. It was such a hot night, and I was amusing myself by eating ice-pudding and snarling at a cat in the Square. At last I grew so excited. That cat and I had quite a long conversation, and presently two other cats came up and took part in it. Then I stole back into the drawing-room and got a little jug of water, and I went on talking to the cats—that is, snarling at them, and then suddenly I wanted to astonish them, and I flung the water down upon them—and—and—oh! Claude, I can't tell you!—and—Lord Freddy Tenbour was just coming up the steps at that moment, and—the water went all over him."

"Is that all?" Claude's great roars of laughter rang through the conservatory. "You poor little darling! is this the dreadful piece of wickedness which you hardly dared to confess?"

"But Aunt Vera said that she could not speak severely enough about it. She said that she was quite sure that all the other people in the square would have seen it, and that they would make such a story about it. And you can't think how those three cats screeched!"

"Don't! Stop! Stop! Sally, you're killing me."

"But, Claude, why do you laugh? Lord Freddy did not laugh."

"I should think not."

"And he said such a dreadful word, just one."

"I dare say."

"Oh! but, Claude, it was such a bad word. Aunt Vera made me tell her what it was, and she said, that I was never to say it again. She looked quite red when I told her."

"Sally, Sally, you little witch! So this was the unpardonable iniquity which was about to force you into an unwelcome marriage."

"There will be no need for any compulsion," said Mr. Tremayne sternly, stepping forward, while Claude rose, and Sally clung to his arm. "I am quite willing, more than willing, to release Miss Bethune from any promise which she has made to me."

"I am so sorry," she sobbed, burying her face on Claude's shoulder.

Oliver looked sharply at her from under his thick eyebrows. Possibly her forlorn attitude roused his compassion, for he added in a kinder tone:

"I see now that it will be for your happiness if we part. It has been a mistake—a great mistake. Fortunately it is not too late to remedy it.' He paused a moment, while she muttered something incoherent. 'Good-bye,' he said slowly, 'good-bye. I will learn to forgive you, Sally.' He took her hand between his and pressed it gently, then released it, turned, and walked back firmly to the drawing-room.

Dinora drew aside. A great feeling of compunction and of respect for him filled her heart. But she did not know what to say, and therefore stood in silence, while he walked past her, as if unaware of her presence.

'After all—how he loves her!' she said, half aloud, as the door closed behind him. Sandie entered from the library,

'Mr. Tremayne is leaving us,' she said. 'I am very sorry for him.'

The little red-haired man grew grave. "Aye!" he said. "Miss Dinora, women sometimes forget that they can deal a sharp stab."

"I hope that I shall never cause such pain to any one," she said, dreamily, looking into the glowing coals as if her future were depicted there.

"I am willing to take the risk," he said, gently, taking her hand in his.

And she did not withdraw it.

* * *

"Dear! Dear! Dear!" cried Lady Vera next day, when both culprits had made full confession. "How tiresome! These are the results of my rheumatism!"

Sally laughed. "I think they are very nice results," she said.

And in time Lady Vera learnt to agree with her.

AN OLD CONFEDERATE.

A Man Whose Life Has Been Full of Man Peculiarities.

There is living in the town of Dublin, Ga., says the Savannah *News*, an extraordinary man in the person of Capt. J. M. Smith. He is about 40 years old, and has never drank tea, coffee or milk, has never chewed a cheW of tobacco, has never played a game of any kind, has never gone fishing or hunting, has never been to a picnic, and has never seen a game of base ball played. He has been a commercial traveler for the last seven years, and has traveled all over the United States and Central America. Capt. Smith was a gallant officer in the confederate army, and was the youngest captain in the service, he being at the time only 15 years old. Just before the close of the war he was placed in command of a company of Yankees from Andersonville, who, in order to get out of prison, took the oath of the confederate states and went into the army. The first opportunity they surrendered to the enemy. When night came on Capt. Smith made his escape, and in so doing was shot and badly wounded by one of the guards. He dragged himself three miles to the confederate lines. He was a member of Gen. W. H. T. Walker's division, and was within a few steps of the general when he fell. When Sherman's army was on the north bank of the Chattahoochee and the confederate forces on the south some one was wanted to go into the enemy's camp and find out what was going on. Smith volunteered his services, and getting on a log he floated across the river unobserved by the Yankee pickets, and awhile before day he returned with a Yankee officer's sword as evidence that he had been there, and also bringing valuable information. It was he who informed Gen. Hood that the Yankees were not falling back, as was supposed, but were fixing to flank him by going down the river and crossing. He is also one of the men who went with Capt. W. A. Fuller in the chase and capture of the noted engine thieves who stole the engine while the passengers were at dinner at Big Shanty, on the state road, during the war. The thieves were afterward tried by court martial and hanged in the city of Atlanta. Capt. Smith was in 36 battles during the war, and was wounded three times. He is a fine man, hale and hearty.

English Names for English Things.

Molasses is still "treacle" in the Victorian capital; a six-penny piece is a "tanner" in the popular phrase, a shilling a "bob," and a sovereign a "quid." Biscuits are "crum," and the fruit or potatoes and cabbages is a "green grocer." An ordinary machinist is an "engineer," while the individual who presides at the throttle of a locomotive is only a "driver." In London, your wife goes to a "draper's shop" for a spool of thread, and is asked by the attendant if she means a "reel of cotton." Similarly, if she desires a yard of cotton cloth—its supposed to mean "muslin." A steam railway car is a carriage, while a road carriage is a "trap." A freight car is a "goods van," switches are "points," and tracks are "lines."

Many London names have been cut in the air so long that they have become twisted and weather-beaten, and their original meaning is lost in an alphabetical muddle, which Londoners themselves never dream of putting to rights. One can understand that the district called "Blackfriars" may have obtained its name legitimately enough; but is it likely that even the prime minister himself would know that the borough of "Hackney" was in a remote age, the "ey," or island of a Dane chief called Hacon. Or Oxford street, or you might search in vain for a bay, and from the number of "public houses," or bar-rooms, you might doubt the abundance of water. At all events, you would never conjecture that, in time long past, there was hereabouts a place called Baynard's Watering." On Oxford street, or Piccadilly, you can hear the conductor of that numerous but necessary vehicle, the London omnibus, shouting lustily, "Bink, bink, bink, bink!" And you will need an interpreter to inform you that the vociferous individual is soliciting passengers for the terminus of his route at the Bank of England.—*London Cor. Boston Herald.*

No Patent on the Old One.

A Minneapolis man has invented a dust collector, but it is hardly expected that it will surpass the top surface of a centertable.

Humor.

LIKED SINGING, BUT—

A Stranger who was Disposed to Avail Himself of the Congregation's Courtesies.

Congregational singing may carry the appearance of brotherly love and sisterly regard (if there is such a thing), but it is sometimes far from entertaining to the person who takes no part in the performance. Recently, at a very fashionable place of religious worship, where many untrained and unmusical voices run riot over persuasive tunes, a man who knew more about the grain market than of "buckwheat notes" lifted up his presumed voice to assist in the presentation of a hymn of long and hallowed standing. A modest but determined-looking fellow who stood just in front of him turned around, touched the singer on the arm and said:

"Do you live in this town?"

"Yes," the singer replied, after allowing his voice to fall to the floor.

"Are you a member of this congregation?"

"I am, sir."

"Is it not one of the aims of this church to treat strangers with marked courtesy?"

"It is."

"Well, then, will you please do me a favor?"

"Certainly, if it is within my power. What can I do for you?"

"Hush!"

"Hush?" the singer gasped.

"That's what I said."

"Is it possible, sir, that you don't want a man to sing?"

"Oh, I don't mind a man's singing; don't care how much he sings, but I don't want him to give himself up to such distressing noises as you have been making."

"My gracious alive! has it come to such a pass that a man can't sing in his own church?"

"It has come to such a pass that you can't sing in any church."

"You are insulting, sir."

"And you are tormenting."

"If you don't like my singing——"

"I tell you that I've got no objections to anybody's singing."

"Well, if you don't like me, you——"

"Got no objections to you at all."

By this time the hymn was finished and the congregation sank down; but pretty soon another hymn was announced. The annoying singer again lifted his voice. The man in front of him turned and touched him on the arm.

"What do you want with me, sir?"

"Want you to hush."

"I came here to sing and ——"

"Why don't you sing then? Don't object to your singing, understand, but to tell you the truth, your voice carries me back to a time when I was very unhappy, a time when I raised hogs in the South, and, sir, since then, whenever I hear anything that sounds like——"

"I won't worship in the same house with you, sir," said the singer. "I will leave this place."

"Do you," the stranger replied, and, smoothing out the unpleasant expression from his face, he sat down and gave himself up to the enjoyment of the sermon.

Something About Clothes.

Some of the nuts which little folks have to crack, in getting at the kernel of language meanings, are tough indeed. Little Annie had been asked to take a dish of strawberries and cream to grandma's room.

"Did you like them?" asked her mother when the little maid appeared again.

"I don't know," was the serious answer. "Didn't she say anything when she tasted them?"

"Yes'm; something about clothes."

"Why, what could it have been? Have you forgotten?"

"Oh, no; she tasted and then she said, 'Oh, muckities and Ann's mohair!' but I don't know what she meant."

Neither did mamma, and so she posted up grandma's room herself.

"Do you reamber just what exclamation you made when you began to eat your fruit?" she asked the dear old lady.

"No, I'm sure I don't. Yes, yes I can! I said 'Nectar and ambrosia!'"

Need Not be a Barrier.

Mrs. Shoddy—What has become of your beau, Belle?

Miss S.—He has gone to the beach for his health.

Mrs. S.—He's rich, and I can't see why you shiffy-shally with him so long? Why don't you marry him?

Miss S.—I do not care to marry him. He is a valetudinarian.

Mrs. S.—What

Recent Literature.

"When I Was a Boy in China," by Yan Phon Lee, is issued by D. Lothrop Company, Boston. The author of this fascinating little book is a young Chinese gentleman who came to this country several years ago for the purpose of educating himself in the ways and methods of American civilization. After preliminary study of the language under private teachers he entered Yale College, and made rapid progress with his studies, gaining during his attendance there a perfect mastery of the English language, and taking high rank for scholarship. He describes in an entertaining manner the peculiarities of childlife in China, the methods of education, the relations existing between parents and children, juvenile amusements, and a variety of other things concerning which the reader will be curious. Although written for the reading of young people, the volume will have deep interest for readers of all ages. It is the only book we can call to mind in which the subject of home life in China is treated by a native.

From the same publishing house also comes "Dorothy Thorn of Thornton," by Julian Warth. This is a simply told story with no lofty flights of the imagination, no intricate plot with devious windings to follow in order to reach the end, but a pleasant, easy reading narrative which has a moral, though it be not declared. It touches lightly the rising question of the sphere of woman, and treats it wisely. The book is strong in many ways, though with a quiet strength. It is pleasant reading.

White, Stokes & Allen, New York, issue "The Universal Cookery Book," containing practical recipes for household use, compiled by Gertrude Shrohm, who has also added some original dishes. Judging from the array of authorities given, names well known as excellent writers and caterers for the family table, the book must be very valuable. Price, $1.50.

The second part of "Battles and Leaders in the Civil War" has been issued by the Century company. It consists of nearly a hundred pages of text and illustration, elegantly printed and enclosed in paper covers, and includes the conclusion of Gen. Jacob D. Cox's "War Preparations in the North;" "The Confederate Government at Montgomery," by Barnwell Rhett; "Jackson at Harper's Ferry in 1861," by Gen. Imboden; "McClellan in West Virginia," by Gen. Cox; "Going to the Front," by Warren Lee Goss; "Virginia Scenes in 1861," by Constance Cary Harrison; "McDowell's Advance to Bull Run," by Gen. J. B. Fry. Two of these papers have never before appeared in print, and 56 of the 82 illustrations are new. The work is issued by subscription.

"Life and Times of Jesus, as related by Thomas Didymus." By James Freeman Clarke. The book is a deep, thoughtful study of the life and times of the great Master and the Spirit that actuated his life. It is a plain and simple writing in its style, and yet elegant in its quaint wordings and profoundly interesting. One can not read a chapter without being aroused in the mind to deeper interest in the sacred text. The story of Miriam of Migdol, her meeting with the Nazarene, the last conversation of the Savior with his disciples, are charming compositions shedding new light upon Bible truths and always in keeping with them. The quaint letter from Rea Talitha to the Roman matron, and the dream of Pilate's wife, written to her sister, are expressive pen pictures of the most wonderful events in history. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

The lovers of the French language and the students thereln will welcome "Les Miserables," published in pamphlet form in the original, by William R. Jenkins, New York. Another one in pamphlet from the same house is "Les Precieuses Ridicules" entitled "Contes Tres Be Mollcze," by Alfred M. Cotte. This series will be sold at 20 cents each.

In Ticknor's Paper Series, issued weekly, is a reprint of the popular story "A Reverend Idol." It is a delightful novel of the Massachusetts coast, and just the thing for these summer hours, when the weather is too warm to admit of anything heavy. Price 50 cents.

That popular story from the German, "The Old Man'sell's Secret," has been put in paper covers, and issued in Lippincott's series of Select Novels. It was one of the first of Mrs. Wistar's translations from the Marlitt series of novels, and one of the best. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents.

No. 39 of Ogilvie's Popular Reading contains 400 choice recitations from popular authors, comprising every variety, in both prose and poetry, illustrative of the sentiments and passions that sway the human heart. Issued quarterly at $1.20 a year. J. S. Ogilvie & Company, New York.

The "Year Book of Albion College" for 1886-87, published by that institution, has just been received. The object of giving the book to the public is stated to be twofold: To assist in solving the problem of education and to lay before the people the plans and spirit of the institution. The purpose of the work seems to have been carried out in a very interesting manner.

"Aphorisms of the Three Threes," by Edward Owings Towne, is published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. The "Three Threes" is a social club of nine Chicago gentlemen, who dine together at stated intervals at a down-town restaurant. Meeting "every ninth night after the first night of each and every of the nine months following the ninth month of the year," and "seated in threes at three-legged tables," these nine wise men of Chicago spend the evening in discussion. The drops which distil from their lips Mr. Towne has caught in this little book to the number of 162.

The books mentioned above were received from Brown, Enger & Co.

The BLADE has received the Fourth Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor of the State of New York" from the Commissioner Charles F. Peck. A great deal of real interest is contained in this volume especially for any one studying Political Economy. The book is divided into six parts besides the introduction. The subjects treated are as follows: Apprenticeship;" "Manual Training;" "Technical Institutions and Trades Schools," "Strikes;" "Boycotting;" "Secret Employes." As the report is to be depended upon as correct, the information contained is valuable.

A volume entitled "Review of the New York Musical Season of 1886-1887" by H. E. Krehbiel, has been received from the publishing house of Novello, Ewer & Co., New York. It contains programmes of noteworthy occurrences with numerous criticisms etc., all of which will be of interest to music lovers.

Literary Notes.

A new novel by the Earl of Desart is in press. Its title is "Lord and Lady Piccadilly."

The August *Book Buyer* will contain a sketch and portrait of the late Dr. Mark Hopkins.

The house in Fetter-lane, London, in which Dryden once lived, has been destroyed.

"Dorothy Thorn of Thornton" is one of the strongest novels of the year. It is one of those books that people cannot help talking about.

Robert Louis Stevenson has completed a memoir of the late Prof. Fleming Jenkins, which will be published before the end of the summer.

It is not generally known that the tender and light hearted "Madge Elliot," of *Harper's Magazine* "Around the Round People," is the wife of the artist, Sol Eytinge.

"How one 'Annex Maid' Began Her Career" is a valuable illustrated description of the famous "Harvard Annex" for girls—in the July *Wide Awake*.

Mr. George C. Gorham, whom the heirs of Edwin M. Stanton have selected as the biographer of Lincoln's war secretary, expects to complete his work within two or three years.

Macmillan & Co. announce a work entitled "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty: their development, causal conditions, historic and national peculiarities." The author is Mr. Henry T. Finck.

A novel prize was offered recently in *Cassell's Saturday Journal* (London)—a fortnight's free holiday at the seaside for a family of five persons.

During his present stay at Brighton Mr. Herbert Spencer is working on his autobiography, although the state of his health does not permit him to give this work more than a short time each day.

Brander Matthews's mysterious tale, "The Last Meeting," and Lieut. Kelley's absorbing sea story, "A Desperate Chance," will soon be added to the Seribners' list of popular books in paper covers, 50 cents each.

The title of Mr. Walter Besant's next novel is "Herr Paulus; his rise, his greatness, and his fall." It is reported that it deals with certain aspects of recent Spiritualism. The serial publication will begin in September.

Gen. Albert Pike, of Washington, D. C., spends most of his time in translating the Sanscrit books of Veda. He has translated seventeen volumes of a thousand pages each. None of them have yet been printed.

Mrs. Mary Howitt, who has written nothing for years, and whom most readers in England and America would have supposed dead, is living in Tyrol, where she lately celebrated her 80th birthday—hale, hearty and in excellent health.

Dr. Alexander McKenzie has not attempted to preach a sermon in "Some Things Abroad," or to make a guide-book, but his jottings of what he saw and heard in his travels are racy and novel and full of points concerning things that people want to know. Published by D. Lothrop & Co.

The cottage at Chalfont-St.-Giles's in which Milton wrote "Paradise Lost" and began "Paradise Regained," and which until recently had been occupied by the local policeman, is to be converted into a reading-room and museum for objects relating to the poet.

Some of Tolstoi's short stories are among the best he has written. One gets a clear insight into his peculiar views by reading such books as "What People Live By" and "In Pursuit of Happiness," both of which have been ably translated by a Russian lady for D. Lothrop & Co.

NOTHING NEW.

Even the Favorite Jokes of the Present Day Were Old When the World Was New.

There is a curious little work, the contents of which are said to have been collected by Hans Sachs, the Nuremberg cobbler and master singer, in 1517, says a writer in *Chambers's Journal*. This curious book was reprinted several times in the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth century, but is now somewhat scarce. It was issued without place of publication or publisher's name, in small form, without cover. The book pretends to have been prepared by Hans Sachs for his private use, that he might make merriment among his friends when drinking, and they should be tired of his songs. It

DOES NOT CONTAIN ANY ANECDOTE.

It is made up of a collection of riddles more or less good, some coarse and some profane; but the age was not squeamish. The title under which the little work was issued was, "Useful Table-talk, or Something for All; that is, the Happy Thoughts, good and bad, expelling melancholy and cheering Spirits, the Heart to Wish and Mouth to Laugh, collected at Kleinenhausen." The book consists of just a hundred pages, of which a quarter are consumed by prefaces, introductions, etc., and about thirteen filled with postscript and index. The humors of the book are somewhat curious; for instance, in the preliminary index of subjects we give—"XI. This Section why this book of table-talk was so late in being published." When we turn to the place indicated for the reason, we find a blank. There is no such reason. There is a fulsome and absurd dedication, to the "Honorable and Knightly Tile-burner" who lives "by the lee of the Pegnitz-stream, in Lapland, one mile from Podolia and three miles above it." Although we are not told in the place indicated why the little collection was not issued immediately after the death of Hans Sachs, now among the works we learn the reason elsewhere, in the preface, where we are told that the riddles contained were the good things a rivalry ensued among them as to precedence, and till this was settled it was impossible to get the book printed. The collection contems in all 196 riddles. Among them is that which gives the date of the book, and that is a chronogram: "Wenn man also list jetzig taVsenD tIhuff hVnDert sIbenzehenDen iahr?" (1517).

Q. After Adam had eaten the forbidden fruit did he stand or sit down? A. Neither; he fell.

Q. Two shepherds were pasturing their flocks. Said one to the other: "Give me your sheep and then I shall have twice as many sheep as you." "Not so," replied the second herdsman; "give me one of yours and then we shall have equal flocks." How many sheep had each? A. One had seven, the other five. If the first took a sheep out of the flock of the second, he would have four; if the contrary, each had six.

Q. What is four times six? A. 6666.

Q. What does a goose do when standing on one leg? A. Holds up the other.

Q. When did carpenters first proclaim to be intolerable dawdlers? A. When building the ark, they took a 100 years over it.

Q. Under what law are the soldiers? A. Cannujon law.

Some of the riddles have survived in the jocular mouth to the present day; for instance, who does not know this:

Q. What smells most in an apothecary shop? A. The nose. There is one conundrum which is a trifle more subtle. The story was wont to be told by Bishop Wilberforce that he had asked a child in Sunday-school why the angels ascended and descended on descended on Jacob's ladder, whereupon the child repied they did so because they were mounting and could not fly. But this appears to be a reverse of a very ancient joke indeed:

In this collection also appears the very heavy riddle: "Which is the heaviest, a pound of lead or a pound of feathers?" which everyone knows, but with an addition, which is an improvement. After the question, "Each weighs a pound, and they are equal in weight," the questioner says further: "Not so; try in water. The pound of feathers will float, and the pound of lead will sink."

Q. How can you carry a jug of water in your hands on a broiling summer day, in the full blaze of the sun, so that the water shall not get hotter? A. Let the water be boiling when you fill the jug.

Q. How can you best prevent the mice from stealing his corn.

C.Q. A certain man left a penny by his will to be divided equally among his 50 relatives, each to have as much as the other and each to be quite contented with what he got and not carry up to the other augmentation. How did the executor comply with this testamentary disposition? A. He bought a packet of 50 tin tacks with the penny and hammered one into the back of each of the legatees.

He Heard Him.

Father O'Halloran had a telephone put into the parsonage, in connection with the church, the parochial school, etc. Patrick McFee, his reverance's handy man, was instructed in the use of the instrument, and it was only the next day when Pat, dusting out the church, heard the clatter of the telephone bell. Taking down the receiver to see what was wanted, he heard Father O'Halloran's familiar voice, asking him something or other about his work. Pat, in essaying to answer, remembered that his reverence was a long way off, and Pat consequently hollered into the transmitter at the top of his voice. "I don't understand you, Father," said the new telephone. Pat tried again, with no better success. On his third trial, he came near splitting the telephone; but again came Father O'Halloran's voice, "I can't hear what you're saying, Patrick." Pat had by time lost something of his patience, and as he stood gathering breath for a fourth blast, he couldn't refrain from soliloquizing in a low tone, "Ah! may the devil fly away wid the ould fool." But Pat dropped the telephone like a hot potato and fell to his knees in dismay, when he heard Father O'Halloran's voice again. "Now I hear you perfectly, Patrick."—*Boston Transcript.*

Danger From Electric Lights.

While our knowledge of the phenomena caused in the human body by electricity is not inconsiderable, we know comparatively little regarding death from electric shock. We find that practical electricians recognize a marked difference in the susceptibility of different persons to electricity, and only employ men to work upon the electric light who after trial are found to be not shocked by the ordinary manipulations which are deemed entirely safe. At the inquest upon a recent fatal case, a workman was brought before the jury who had severed a circuit of 2,000 volts, possessing an electric force of over 3,000 volts. Although made insensible by the shock and fastened by muscular spasm to the wire, he was rescued by his comrades. The length of time he was subjected to this tremendous shock, which was not only the primary current but the current of reaction as well, was seconds. He recovered consciousness very soon, and although his hands were severely burned he made a good recovery.—*Medical News.*

An Important Element

Of the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is the fact that every purchaser receives a fair equivalent for his money. The familiar headline "100 Doses One Dollar," stolen by imitators, is original with and true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This can be easily proven by any one who desires to test the matter. For real economy, buy only Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

HOW TO LEARN TO SWIM.

Boys and Girls Who Want to Woo the Waves Should Carefully Read This.

To civilized mothers the antipathies and proclivities of their male offspring as regards water have ever proved inexplicable. The average boy of Christendom dislikes to have his face washed at any time, and the mere mention of a tub bath exasperates him to the point of outright rebellion. But give him the opportunity and he will stay in river or lake or ocean till his lips are blue and his teeth chatter. This performance he will repeat day after day from the first warmish weather of May till September nights are touched with frost.

It is not a desire for wholesome cleanliness that allures him. Nothing is further than that from his thoughts and desires.

If asked why he does so, he probably answers succinctly, "'Cause it's fun." That is a good and sufficient reason from his intellectual standpoint, and he lapses into carelessness or reticent indifference if the subject is pursued in the interest of scientific research.

Probably more filial disobedience is charged to this love of the water than to any other in the long list of boyhood's temptations. Some boys are good enough and obedient enough as a general thing not to go in swimming against orders, provided permission be granted with a reasonably roaring freequency, but it is now likely that any boy of spirit can be restricted altogether unless some uncommonly good reason can be brought home to him. The fact that his mother is afraid lest he be drowned will have due weight with every well-disposed boy, and may restrain him for a while, but he cannot help knowing that he can swim with reasonable impunity, and his virtue must be well-nigh preternatural if he endures the ever increasing and unavoidable strain of perpetual temptation.

The fact that scores of lives are lost every year through bathing goes for nothing in the boy's mind. Indeed, a piece of danger only adds to the attractiveness of deep water. The longing for adventure that is deeply rooted in nearly every boy's heart is wholly lacking in most women, hence the average mother is to apt to strain her authority and eventually renders the burden of obedience insupportable.

Far better would it be if honorable terms could be agreed upon by both parties, bathing being permitted when certain specified boys, if possible, older and more or less trustworthy, are present, or under certain other regulations such as can be devised to meet almost any possible conditions. However, as a foregone conclusion that a healthy boy who wants to bathe will do so somehow—obediently if he can, but otherwise if he must.

Granting that such is boy nature, and that the average American lad will, before he is out of his teens, have learned to swim in the public schools where the art can be acquired at all seasons of the year, but it is safe to say that any child having ordinary courage can safely be taught or can teach himself to swim by the following simple method:

Find a place where the water deepens gradually as an ordinary beach. Often in a small stream there are pools nowhere too deep for safety. Procure a band or belt to go around the bust under the arms, with small bands over the shoulders to keep it from slipping down. To this belt attach a safety line of such length that the learner cannot go into the water deeper than the waist.

The first thing to be done is to learn to duck without minding it. Hold your breath and put your head under water several times whenever you bathe. You may probably strangle a bit at first, but the ducking will become less and less disagreeable until the disinclination to go under water entirely or quite disappears. Of course the bather need not make a martyr of himself by spending his whole time in the practice of ducking. He may splash about as much as he likes. Some acquire the necessary indifference to bring under water almost at once. When it is accomplished, let the bather select a place where the water is just deep enough for him to sit upon the bottom with head and shoulders out of water. Then let him take a full breath, distending the lungs, and placing his arms by his sides, lie down on his back on the bottom. If unsuccessful, partially expel the air from the lungs and try again. After having found out by actual experiment how easy it is to lie down on your back under water, go out to the full length of your rope and, holding your breath, pull yourself in toward the shore, hand over hand, not letting your feet touch bottom on any account. This sort of stealth gives one or you run aground. No matter whether you go under water or not, no matter whether you keep yourself right-side up or not, go right on hauling yourself toward the shore, hand over hand, till you reach shoal water.

When you can run yourself ashore with ease and certainty you will probably have discovered that most of the passage is made at or near the surface of the water, and possibly you will have learned after a fashion to keep your balance and pull yourself ashore with your nose above water. When you can do this you can breathe through your mouth during the passage, and as soon as you can breathe comfortably while hauling yourself ashore you are ready for the next step, namely, try to pull yourself ashore, using one hand for the rope and paddling with the other hand. This is not a very easy thing to do, and in all probability the learner will accomplish it you will find yourself paddling with both hands and kicking with both feet—that is to say, swimming. As soon as you find that you can keep yourself right side up, and your eyes and nose above water, you have learned the great secret, and swimming with the most improved and scientific stroke will follow according to your opportunities and ambition.

These hints are intended to meet the most difficult case possible, namely, that of a boy who is obliged to depend altogether upon his own resources. If he has some one to help and advise, so much the better. He will probably learn to swim quicker, but he must haul himself ashore or the object of his lesson will be lost.

These instructions, being based upon the well established fact that no one can be a confident swimmer who is disconcerted at finding himself unexpectedly under water. Strangulation occurs in consequence of drawing water with the breath into the air passages, and even partial strangulation is unpleasant. Therefore the first thing, after the would-be swimmer to learn is to instinctively keep water out of the windpipe. This can best be done by frequent voluntary ducking.

In the rough swimming-school of boyhood forcible duckings, often to the verge of cruelty and danger, are frequent. Intentional practice in preliminary practice will be an excellent breaking in for what most boys are likely to encounter.

The succeeding steps are intended to teach the beginner by experiencing that his body is really lighter than water and will float with the least effort. Keep air in the lungs and from mechanical assistance with the hands and feet.

Once learned this lesson is never forgotten, and after a little practice in diving and swimming under water the novice will find himself gaining a degree of confidence that is indispensible for satisfactory swimming. The beginner's greatest foe for girls and women as well as for boys and men. Women are usually, for obvious reasons, a little reluctant to wet their hair. They often learn how to swim easily and gracefully without knowing how to hold the breath. It follows, of course, that when they find themselves suddenly and unexpectedly plunged unexpectedly beneath the water from an overturned boat, or otherwise plunged unexpectedly beneath the surface, they become partly strangled, lose all presence of mind, and are no better off than if they could not swim a stroke. Let it then be borne in mind by all swimmers that the best way to learn how to swim is first to learn how to sink.

Social Ethics in Arkansas.

"I don't b'leeve there 's any use o' tryin' to make a lady out o' you," said a discouraged Arkansas woman to her daughter, a tall, lank, bare-footed girl of about 20 summers. "It ain't no 'count to be a lady, an' I don't reckon you'll ever be one while yer on top o' this created airth. Now, when them two strange gentlemin rid by just now, you'd ort to got down off'n the fence an' made 'em a curchy. But did you do it? No; but you set there a snickerin' till they'd went by, an' then you up an' let drive at the hosses back with mud balls an' snickered fit to kill when you'd knocked one o' their hats off. I seed ye, and blushed for your lack o' manners. Ye ain't the lady I was whenst I was your age, an', what's more, I don't b'leeve you'll ever be no onnymint to sercesty 'long o' ye cavry on like that. Now you go an' feed the dogs, an' see if you can't mind yer manners better next time!"—*Puck.*

Do Not Think for a Moment

that catarrh will in time wear out. The theory is false. Men try to believe it because it would be pleasant if true, but it is not, as all know. Do not let an acute attack of cold in the head remain unsubdued. It is liable to develop into catarrh. You can rid yourself of the cold and avoid all chance of catarrh by using Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. If already afflicted rid yourself of this troublesome disease speedily by the same means. At all druggists.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

Sketch of the Life of the Eminent African Explorer, Whose Death is Announced.

In 1840 Henry M. Stanley, whose real name was John Rowlands, was born near Denbigh, Wales. When three years old he was sent to the poor-house at St. Asaph, where he stayed until 13 years old, securing such education as the place afforded. He then shipped as cabin-boy to New Orleans, and found employment with a merchant named Stanley, who afterwards adopted him and gave him his name. His benefactor died intestate and young Stanley was again left homeless. He went into the Confederate army and was taken prisoner. He then volunteered in the United States navy and became acting ensign on the Ticonderoga. After the war he decided to join the Cretans, who were trying to throw off the Turkish yoke; and before going engaged himself to the New York *Herald* as their correspondent. Upon his return from America he visited his birthpiace and gave a dinner to the children of St. Asaph's poor-house, telling them he owed all the success he had attained, or would ever be able to achieve in the future, to the education he received there. The year following he went with the British expedition against Theodore, king of Abyssinia, still as correspondent for the New York *Herald*, sending news of the victory to the English press before it was announced officially. The succeeding year was given to the civil war in Spain. While at Madrid he received a telegram which said: "Come to Paris on important business." He started forthwith and there met James Gordon Bennett of the New York *Herald*. How important the business to be considered really was, may be judged from results, which are now a part of history.

At that time nothing had been heard from Mr. Livingstone, who was making explorations in the heart of Africa for two years. Great interest was felt in his fate, and Mr. Bennett ordered Stanley to find Livingstone at any cost, and at his own expense fitted out a party of 192 men for the purpose. No pen can describe their sufferings in the jungles and morasses of that terrible country. After eleven months of unavailing search Stanley wrote in his journal: "No living man shall stop me—only death can prevent me. But death—not even this; I shall not die—I will not die—I can not die! Something tells me I shall find him, and write it larger—FIND HIM, FIND HIM. Even the words are inspiring." This was prophetic, and shortly afterward, November 10, 1871, he did indeed find Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji lake. Stanley explored with him the northern portion of this lake, remaining there four months.

Dr. Livingstone would not return to England, but sent his journals by Stanley, who arrived the following July. He was presented with a gold snuff-box set with diamonds by the queen, and a gold medal by the Royal Geographical society.

After the death of Livingstone in 1872 the London *Daily Telegraph* and the New York *Herald* united to send Stanley to continue the African explorations. This journey of 7,000 miles across the continent was full of the extremity of human suffering. By death and desertion 194 of the original part of 300 men were lost. But Victoria N'yanza, the largest body of fresh water in the world, was discovered and explored, as well as many other small lakes and rivers. As they neared the ocean one poor fellow went crazy with delight, shouting: "We have reached the sea; we are at home!" then disappeared into the forest and was never seen again.

Upon Stanley's return to England all Europe honored him and the different sovereigns sent congratulations and medals. He again went to Africa under the auspices of the International African association and under the patronage of the king of the Belgians, who appropriated £150,000 per annum to the project of opening the country about the mouth of the Congo to civilization.

Last year Mr. Stanley came to this country on a lecturing tour, when he was suddenly called by the king of the Belgians to head a relief expedition to rescue Dr. Edward Schnitzler, better known as Emin Pasha. February 3, 1887, Stanley left Embarind for Zanzibar, which he reached February 26. By March 11 he was at Cape Town, and by the 26th at the mouth of the Congo. His last message announced that on the 2d ult. he had left Arnwimi for Wadelai.

LITERATURE FOR BOYS.

A Comparison for Two Evils in This Direction.

No, oh no; we are not going to pitch into the 5-cent blood and thunder novelette; not right directly, at any rate. We were just looking over a story in the June number of a most excellent and highly respectable juvenile magazine; a good magazine, that doubtless views with alarm, as do all the rest of us, the poisonous literature of the day and stand up for youth. After having found out by actual experiment how easy it is to lie down on your back under water, go out to the full length of your rope and, holding your breath, pull yourself in toward the shore, hand over hand, not letting your feet touch bottom on any account. This sort of stealth gives one or you run aground. No matter whether you go under water or not, no matter whether you keep yourself right-side up or not, go right on hauling yourself toward the shore, hand over hand, till you reach shoal water.

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Whistles That Grow on Trees.

In the great forests of Nubia grows a tree, from which, when swayed by the wind, come strange sounds, like the notes of a flute, a fife or a penny-whistle. This vocal tree is regarded with superstitious terror by the natives, and it has indeed been a puzzle to every one who has heard the mysterious sounds, until some scientific traveler investigated the matter. He found that at certain seasons of the year hordes of insects deposited their eggs on the young shoots and extremities of the branches. These produced gall-like excrescences about an inch in diameter. When the young insects emerge small holes are left in the galls. The wind blowing through these little apertures causes the strange noises. It is probably the only instance of a tree which bears ready-made whistles.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

A SENSATION of almost any kind, such is the desire for something new, is welcome. It may be a tragedy that will ruin a whole family; it may be some scandal that will only kill one reputation, but if it comes it will be welcomed, arousing and startling people out of the monotony of everyday life, it is listened to eagerly, read about with avidity and discussed enthusiastically. However, there are sensations which are innocent of all evil and simply give birth to pleasurable emotions. They may excite in a social, literary or artistic way, may cause animated discussions, call forth weighty argument and be a topic of absorbing interest, second to no other for the time being, while in the sensation itself there is no evil, and the outcome is without shadow of harm.

SOMETHING of this kind is promised shortly to the literary world. It is the appearance of the first translation ever made into English of the great epic poem of Finland, the beauty of which has necessarily hitherto been almost entirely hidden from poor lovers. Students of the literature have known it only by name, "The Kalavala," and there are very many yet to learn what strength, and beauty, and power have been so long locked away and the key hidden. We are, most of us, accustomed to think of the Finns as a far-away semi-barbarous people living in a far-away northern clime, and we do not draw in such hard and rigid lines that a flight of imagination into the region of poetry would be impossible. In this view the "Kalavala" is a revelation.

THIS poem has been handed down by word of mouth from the mythical past to the present century. The song men rehearsed it in measured cadence in the homes and by the firesides of the people, not as a whole, but in parts, through which, however, ran one central idea, that made its collection into one complete poem possible. The traditions of the past were preserved here, in a form that tantlied to the hearts of those who listened to it, for it was of the old-time lays the bards were singing. In the beginning of the present century some of the national songs that are a part of the "Kalavala" were reduced to writing and published in the Finnish language as one poem by Dr. Lonnrot. It did not, however, contain more than one half of the verses, which is later collection did that appeared complete in 1849. A translation speedily followed into Swedish, and one a year later, or in 1851, by Schrieiner, into German.

THE "Kalavala," as it now stands, contains nearly 23,000 lines in "trochaic tetrameter, with part line echo." This kind of verse is the native speech of the Finns, but a stranger in any other language. It makes the strange charm of "Hiawatha," where it first became known to English readers, and was supposed to be poet's own invention. There is no question however, but that he had become familiar with "Kalavala," in the German, in which language he was a most accomplished student, and that he obtained from that, not only the peculiar measure, but the plot of the wonderful poem which won such immediate and lasting popularity. In fact the concluding lines of "Hiawatha" are so nearly like the closing lines of the great epic in thought and expression as to leave no doubt of their origin.

A TRANSLATION of the "Kalavala" from the German into the English has, for the first time, been made, and is nearly ready for the press. It is the work of Dr. J. M Crawford, of Cincinnati, an accomplished linguist, who has caught the spirit of the poem and translxed it in our own language in the most wonderful manner. The salad-server had the pleasure of hearing portions of the translation some time since, and its magical rhythm, its inspiring movement, sometimes like the united tread of a great army, anon becoming a soft, sensuous melody, changing again to a song as free as that of the meadow lark, can never be forgotten. Poetry lovers cannot fail to find here a veritable treasure-trove to fill their souls with delight.

ONLY those who have done similar work can have any conception of the herculean task, now almost finished, which has been accomplished by Dr. Crawford in the intervals obtained from severe professional labor. Only a genuine love for the work, and unswerving determination could have succeeded in carrying it to a conclusion, thus making a most valuable addition to English literature. The BLADE is glad to be the first to announce this pleasure in store for the world of readers.

SOME TIME last winter a most interesting paper was read before the New Century club by Mrs. M. J. Cravens, entitled "A Glimpse of the History of Woman Suffrage." Toledo people generally will now enjoy reading it as it has been put in a pamphlet form by the State association for general distribution. It contains many facts regarding the movement that are worth knowing. The following story about Sojourner Truth at a Suffrage convention will be appreciated:

The afternoon of the second day several clergymen of the town were present and took part in the discussion. Some were in favor of superior rights and privileges for man, on the ground of superior intellect; another, because of the manhood of Christ; another gave a theological view of the "sin of the mother." There were few women accustomed to "speaking in meeting" in those days and the ministers seemed to be getting the better of them, and those not sympathy were greatly expecting the discomfiture as they supposed, of the "strong-minded," when slowly arose Sojourner and solemnly moved to the front, laid her old sun-bonnet at her feet, and lifted her "great howl" to stretch its every wrinkle. There were sounds and looks of disapprobation all around, but the president announced, Sojourner Truth! and asked for silence. All eyes were turned upon the tall, dark figure, her head erect, covered with a white turban, and "her eyes," as the writer says, "piercing the upper air like one in a dream." At her first word there was a profound hush. She said:

"Well, chilern, whar dar is so much racket dar *must* be somethin' out o' kilter. But what's all dis here talkin' 'bout? Dat man ober dar say dat womin needs to be helped into carriages, and lifted ober ditches and to hab de best place everywhar. Nobody ebber helps me into carriages or over mud puddles, or gibs *me* any best place!" And raising herself to her full height and her voice to a high pitch she asked, "and ain't I a woman?" Look at me! look at my arm! (and she bared her right arm to the shoulder, showing her tremendous muscular power). I have plowed and planted and gathered into barns, and no man could head me! and ain't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man—when I could get it—and bear de lash as well! and ain't I a woman? I have borne thirteen chilern and seen 'em most all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief none but Jesus heard me! and ain't I a woman! Den dey talks 'bout dis ting in de head—what dis dey call it? ["Intellect," whispered some one]. That's it, honey. What's dat got to do wid womin's rights or nigger's rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint, and your'n holds a quart, wouldn't you be mean not to let me have my little half-measure full?" And then she pointed to the preacher, and with a keen glance at the minister who had made the argument about man's superior intellect, when great cheering greeted her. "Den dat little man in black dar, he say, women can't have as much rights as men, 'cause *Christ* was'n a woman! Whar did your Christ *come from?*" The writer says rolling thunder could not have stilled that crowd as did those deep, wonderful words as she stood there with outstretched arms and eyes of fire. Raising her voice still louder, she repeated, "Whar did your *Christ come from?* From *God* and a *woman!* Man had nothing to do with Him!" Turning to another objector, she took up the defense of Mother Eve. Will only give the confession. "If de fust woman God ever made was strong enough to turn de world upside down all alone, *all* de women togedder ought to be able to turn it back, and put it right side up again! And now dey is asking to do it, de men better let 'em."

The author says, amid roars of applause, she returned to the corner where she had sat all during the convention, leaving many with streaming eyes, and hearts beating with gratitude.

Jeff Davis's Assassination Story.

The true inwardness of Jeff Davis's assassination story has already come out. A noted forger, James Buchanan Crosse, servving a long term in the Western penitentiary, made a bold effort, aided by accomplices outside, to secure his liberty, and worked his scheme very shrewdly. Letters were forged, purporting to come from officials of high standing in the National government stating that the services of Crosse were desired for a delicate mission to the Southern states, and asking for his pardon at the hands of Governor Curtin. The scheme worked like a charm and Crosse got out of the penitentiary but not out of the hands of the United States marshal. The forgeries were discovered before his final release and he was returned to prison at once, the pardon having been revoked at once. Some rebel sympathizer in the state wrote these facts to Jeff Davis, and on this slender foundation he built his assassination romance.

Why Don't You Write?

To procure a faithful medical opinion as to whether or not you can probably be cured will cost you nothing if you write to Drs. Starkey and Palen, 1520 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa. For over sixteen years the wonderful triumphs of Dr. Pierce's Compound Oxygen Tablets in giving new health and renovated life to many who had never expected to be well again.

Perhaps your case is an old and troublesome chronic affection, which has vexed you so far down that you almost despair of getting up again. No matter; many who had entirely given up all hope are now enjoying good health. Compound Oxygen did it. The treatise pamphlet which Drs. Starkey and Palen will mail free on request gives the whole history. Send for it and you will find something of vital personal interest.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THE SOLDIER TRAMP.

SCENE—A CITY POLICE COURT

"Yer honor, I pleads guilty; I'm a bummer;
I don't deny the cop here found me drunk;
I don't deny that through the whole, long summer
The sun-warmed earth has been my only bunk.

I hain't been able fur to earn a livin';
A man with one leg short can't get a job—
Can't get a job—an' I've a strong misgivin'
Bout bein' cooped up in a Soldiers' Home.

"Whar did I lose my leg?" At Spottsylvania—
Perhaps you've read about the bloody fight—
But then I guess the story won't restrain you
From doin' what the law sets down as right.

I'm not a vag through choice, but through misfortune
An' as fur drink—well, all men have their faults;
Dis' judge, I guess I've had my lawful portion
O' rough experience in prison vaults.

"I served as private in the Tenth New Jersey,
An' all the boys'll say I done what's right;
That ain't a man can say that swears Barney
Whar one found a-shirking in a fight.

Right in the hell-born, frightful rear o' battle,
Whar shot an' shell shrieked thro' the darksome wood,
You'd always find me doin' the best I could.

"We had a brave ol' feller for a colonel—
We called him Sweety, but his name was Sumner.
Why, judge; I swar it, by the Great Eternal!
That brave ol' cuss 'd rather fight than eat.
An' you could allus bet your bottom dollar
In battle, Sweety 'd never hunt a tree,
He'll allus push into the front an' holler;
'Brace up, my gallant boys, an' follow me!'

"Well, jest afore the Spottsylvania battle,
Ol' Sweety cum to me an' says, says he:
'I tell you, Abe, 't aint many things 'll rattle
A tough, old, weather-beaten cuss like me;
But in my very soul I've got a feelin'
That I'm a-goin' to get a-hurt to-day.'
An' 't aint no use fur me to be concealin'
The skittish thoughts that in my bosom play

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but when specially requested they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than four questions. Do not ask questions and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. Questions not of general interest, and those asked by those who do not subscribe for the BLADE, will be answered by mail.

4. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the name and full address are distinctly complied with.

Water-Sports—Aluminum.

L. N. C., Florence, Mass.:

1. Please give such information as you can, in relation to the early development of "Canoe and Boat Sailing." 2. What circumstances early occasion for the title of "Plumed Knight" as applied to James G. Blaine? 3. What is aluminum, and is it well adapted to the manufacture of spoons, etc., and how much is it used for such purposes?

1. Water-sports seldom continue longer than a few months in any one place and often not longer than a few weeks. Each year, however, witnesses the revival of a taste, during the latter part of a calm, sultry day, for the enjoyment of the cooling breezes and the delicious change of the wind are indeed welcome. The direction of the early part of which tells, especially when their strength favors, small boats in all the principal harbors of the country. Then, as the day declines, the breeze either dies away entirely or strikes sufficiently to the northward of the two winds which give rise to the sea-breeze. Whether the sea-breeze originates in the greater warmth, especially of the land, or in the greater dryness, these, becoming unequally heated by the sun, give rise to currents of heated air. In these latitudes the sea-breeze usually sets in during the forenoon, and, increasing in strength with the large extent of heated surface over which it blows, usually dies away with the setting sun. Land-breezes are the result of the cooling of the land after sunset, and the wind is known to have its greatest force about midnight, or before the morning dawns. This land-breeze is usually light, and the coolness of the night is the chief charm of the sport. Explosive fires, such as those of prairie and volcanic eruptions, disturb the air by the conflicting currents of heated air they occasion; and these, of course, are sometimes violent enough to overturn boats, as was the case with many vessels during the great fire in Chicago. Water-sports are delightful occurring over bodies of water, which, being formed by streams tall plains of considerable length and moving forward, present the same in the case of the Mississippi. The water at the base of these whirling vortices is thrown in most violent commotion, and it is a pop of no little skill that the water of the mountain, sucked in in a solid body by the whirlpool, is safely carried up through the body of water, and then called water spouts or tornadoes, and are of quite distinct from the land-tornadoes. They are usually heavy rain-storms, and are accompanied by thunder and lightning. Their course is generally from the southwest to the northeast. The common explanation of their origin is that the electricity contained in the vapor composing the cloud is discharged, the alkali wanted away and all is left. We have then to consider the influence of the occurrence of the metal, which, in a pure state, is exceedingly rare, which we cultivate and in which we may expect valuable products. The compound known as cryolite or ice-stone, a double fluoride of aluminum and sodium, is found in North Carolina, in Greenland, and in Siberia, and is the main source of supply. Of course the general reader, who wishes to know the properties of aluminum, will look to the interest to learn as much as possible about the properties. It is of extreme beautiful silvery white, with a very slight bluish tint. When cast in moulds it takes the most delicate impressions and finishes to which the moulds are capable. It is fully as malleable as silver, and can be beaten into leaves as thin as those of the finest gold. It can be drawn into wire, and is tenacious enough to twelve inches to the square inch. It is also very ductile, and can be rolled out into sheets of extreme tenuity, of the tenacity of gold, but not of silver. It is easily fusible, it becomes as liquid as water at a temperature of an inch high, and it is found to have a specific heat twelve times greater than that of platinum. Aluminum is chemically noticeable, so that when a bar is suspended by a thread and balanced by a bar of copper, it gives a sound as of a bell when struck. It is therefore easily recognized. At any temperature whatever it remains bright; that is, it tarnishes not at all. It is about electricity well as it is about heat, and is very much better than copper and silver, as a conductor. In fact, it is almost the best conductor of electricity with one exception, and that is gold. It is remarkable that the properties of this metal in resisting corrosion. The air does not affect it whatever whether moist or dry, neither have sulphur fumes, sea-water or hot, either. Even when fused with nitre, which, though it will burn, powerful a strong built. To those who have never seen it, it may be remarked that any ordinary heat, but at 1400 degrees Fahrenheit it is easily fused by the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe. Its relative specific gravity is 2.56, which is about one-third that of iron, and the specific gravity of the metal in the cast state is 2.67. It is not magnetic, and the conductivity for heat is 31, that for silver being 100. Its tensile strength is 30,000 pounds per square inch, and the modulus of elasticity is 10,000,000. Aluminum is not affected by the action of nitric acid, but is dissolved by hydrochloric acid, and by the caustic alkalies, with evolution of hydrogen. Its chief use is for the manufacture of instruments of precision, for which its lightness and its non-liability to tarnish render it peculiarly suitable. It is also used for the manufacture of small articles of jewelry, for which purpose it is said to be superior to gold

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1887.

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PROHIBITION VERSUS THE "PROHIBITION" PARTY.

The BLADE has a number of readers who employ much valuable time in writing letters deploring that it does not become a third-party organ. Curiously enough, a large proportion of these persons abusively declare that we are not in earnest in advocating Prohibition because we do not support the Prohibition party. They seem to be utterly incapable of understanding that we may favor the carrying out of a certain principle, and yet object to making a party question of it. To these people we have a word to say.

FIRST—We do not believe Prohibition can be reached through a political party devoted to that issue.

Our reasons for this belief are as follows:

There are several states in the Union in which Prohibition is successfully in operation. There are a number of other states in which, through local option, Prohibition is established over a greater or less portion of their area.

This work was done without the action of a third party.

Again, the third party has never done anything, as a party, to advance the cause of Prohibition. It has never been strong enough to do anything. Its orators and organs have spent their time and strength in abusing the two great political parties of the nation, instead of educating the people up to Prohibition. And we say it with sorrow, we know of no papers, Democratic or Republican, so utterly reckless in statement, so unfair to political opponents, so bitterly partisan, as these same third-party sheets.

SECOND—We do not believe a third party a necessary.

Proof:

Prohibition is gaining constantly. It is covering a greater area of country every year. This growth is not because of anything the third party does, for it, being in so great a minority, is not able to do any thing.

What, then, is the use of a third party, if the nation is steadily being won for Prohibition by non-partisan methods?

THIRD—We believe a third political party, devoted to the single issue of Prohibition, is impractical.

Proof:

The experience of years shows that the very great majority of the voters composing the two great political parties of the country put a higher value on the issues dividing these parties than they do upon the Prohibitory issue. They will vote for Prohibition measures, but they will not vote with a separate political party.

To state the matter another way: the majority of men will not leave the party with which they are at present affiliated to vote with a party which brings up a single issue which they favor.

We state this simply as a fact. There is no use of arguing about it, for it is a fact, a stubborn fact, which is an unsurmountable obstacle in the way of the success of the third party.

There are illustrations in plenty.

In Ohio in 1883 the Prohibitory amendment to the state constitution had recorded for it 323,000 votes—almost one-half the entire vote cast at that election. There was a full third party ticket in the field at that time, which received only about 8,000 votes.

In Michigan last April the Prohibitory amendment to the constitution received over 160,000 votes. At the last state election preceding, the third party vote was about 25,000.

We might go on and cite other instances, but these are enough to make the point clear.

FOURTH—Experience has shown that Prohibitory laws are as well enforced as other restrictive laws wherever they are in effect, and hence the plea that this will not be done unless third-party officials are put in power, is false.

Proof:

In Kansas the testimony is clear and convincing that Prohibition is effective. Republican officials enforce it.

In Atlanta, the chief city of Georgia, and in all the "dry" counties of that state, the law is as well enforced as any other. Democratic officials enforce it.

The third-party plea mentioned above is fallacious from the fact that it does not recognize that a Democrat or a Republican may strongly favor Prohibition. It assumes that there are no Prohibitionists but third-party men. This is false.

Therefore:

If Prohibition is making satisfactory progress on non-partisan lines;

If the hundreds of thousands of Prohibitionists in the ranks of the two great parties will not renounce their party affiliations to join a third party;

If Prohibitory laws are as well enforced as any other restrictive laws by both Republican and Democratic officials;

Why should the BLADE advocate a third party, which is impractical, unnecessary, and without just cause for existence?

Let us, in conclusion, call the attention of our friends to certain false assumptions of the third-party leaders.

It is a favorite saying with them that the Republican and the Democratic parties are both wedded to Rum, that they are the tools of the Rum Power. Such a sweeping assertion is silly. What is a political party? Simply an assemblage of voters working *through political means* for certain given ends. Those ends, for there are generally a number, embodied in a formal statement, constitute the platform of that party. Nothing will be added to that platform, no new issue will be placed therein, unless by the expressed wish of the voters, in convention assembled.

In both these parties there are many voters who believe in Prohibition. They recognize that it is a question on which the party is not an unit, and therefore they do not wish to make it a party question. They labor in its behalf, and the Prohibitionists of the Democratic party and those in the Republican party strike hands in concord in pushing it forward. Under non-partisan efforts, it is spreading. The sentiment in its favor is growing everywhere, and it is only a question of time when it will cover the land.

We fail to see that a third party would advance the cause one iota. It has done nothing in the past, and there is nothing in political history to show that Prohibition would grow faster because of a third party. There is no reason for its existence when it is plain that by a continuance of steady work on the non-partisan plan it is possible to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE OHIO DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

The Ohio Democratic platform reads well. Its high-flown and sonorous phrases will roll glibly off the tongue, and the unthinking masses, overcome by their polysyllabic grandeur, will toss high their ready hats in the air and shout themselves hoarse when Democratic stumpers declaim the resolutions during the campaign.

But does it mean anything? Is there anything in it beyond sound and fury? A careful reading of the document will convince any intelligent voter that it is a mass of fustian. The only strong thing about it is the red-hot abuse of FORAKER'S administration, and that plank embodies a mass of falsehoods.

It starts out with a generalization—a "hearty and unqualified" endorsement of CLEVELAND'S administration. Is that to be construed as an endorsement of civil service reform? If so, the masses of Ohio Democrats are not in accord with the platform. Does it endorse the return of the rebel flags? There is many a Democratic ex-veteran in this state who is bitterly opposed to it.

But the tariff plank is a conspicuous example of insincerity. It attacks the tariff as burdensome, and demands such a reduction as will leave only revenue enough to pay governmental expenses, pensions and principal and interest of the debt. But the cold fact remains that the tariff as it is at present does no more than that. It is true that, since July 1, there are no bonds that can be called until 1897; but if the revenue is reduced so that it will pay only governmental expenses and interest on the debt, during the interregnum, where is the money coming from to pay the principal when the 4½s becomes due in 1891? Is the Ohio Democracy in favor of reimposing the present tariff then, or of perpetuating the public debt indefinitely?

A careful study of this plank—in the unfortunate absence of an explanatory key, which the committee on resolutions failed to furnish—convinces one that it is a shifty evasion—a compromise utterance. It is intended for both free traders and protectionists. It is impractical, because it really takes no clear position. Are the Ohio Democrats afraid to declare explicitly what they, as a party, demand regarding the tariff?

The same thing is true of the labor plank. What restraints on "the centralization and encroachments of corporate power" do the Ohio Democrats favor? It is easy to pen a high-sounding sentence like the above, but the people of Ohio desire to know what specific measures the Democrats propose to enact for the purpose if they should be entrusted with legislative power.

In point of fact, there is but one clear-cut line of policy in the whole platform, and that is the declaration in favor of license. The demand of the liquor men for an expression favoring the repeal of the local option clause of the Dow law was not granted. Public sentiment has certainly made a decided advance in Ohio when the Bourbons dare not oppose prohibition, and declare in favor of "home rule in municipal affairs"—which certainly embraces local option in municipalities.

The platform is weak, shifty, evasive. It condemns without suggesting remedies. It denounces established lines of policy, but lays down no new lines. It is a demagogic bit of blather, whose sole purpose is to aid the gang in capturing the General Assembly this fall.

TALMAGE—A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS PREACHER.

At the request of thousands of our readers, we have had engraved a magnificent portrait of the great and world-famous pulpit orator, Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, uniform in style with our other Military and Religious Heroes. The portrait is absolutely life-like, is executed in the very highest style of the art, and will be an ornament to any house. The thousands upon thousands of admirers of the great Brooklyn preacher, the greatest and most effective pulpit speaker now living, will be glad to secure this speaking likeness of the man. It has a more than passing value, for it is taken while he is yet in his prime, in the vigor and strength of his manhood, and while he is doing his most effective work. Every reader of his matchless sermons should have one. We mail them singly, post-paid, for 25 cents. For the combination with our other portraits, see announcement on fifth page, under the head of Publisher's Department.

THE grand jury of Hinds county, Mississippi, has been investigating the state penitentiary, which is conducted on the plan of leasing the convicts to private speculators, and its findings are a terrible comment on the viciousness of this system of dealing with criminals. Not only were the men found to be subject to the most brutal treatment at the hands of their taskmasters, whose only object seems to be to coin money out of their labor, but they were actually starved by the greedy contractors. These charges are not new, but this is the first time a grand jury has taken the trouble to present them, and there is a possibility of a revolution in the penitentiary system of Mississippi. The horrors of the leasing arrangement in Georgia are still fresh in the public mind, and supplemented as these now are by the revelations in Mississippi, they should result in some concerted movement to place the convicts of the Southern states at last within the pale of humanity. That even criminals can be starved and beaten to death in any state of the Union is a disgrace to the entire country. This disgrace, however, will continue till the states assume control of their own convicts, and refuse to lease them out like cattle to the highest bidder of human flesh.

THE administration of the Navy Department by Secretary WHITNEY will be an interesting subject for WILLIAM E. CHANDLER, who, if not appointed a member of the committee on Naval Affairs, may, in accordance with the courtesy of the Senate, be appointed a member of a special committee to investigate the Navy department. Some of Mr. CHANDLER'S friends have said that the matter of the Dolphin would receive attention and that the contracts for the new cruisers would be inquired into. Some of the military congressmen wish to have an inquiry made in regard to the flags in the War department and as to the management of the bureau of the Confederate archives. It is suggested that, if the inquiries shall take the form suggested in some quarters the executive officers may remind the legislative branch of the government that they are co-ordinate members of the government, and that the executive reserves the right to manage its own branch of the government in its own way.

SINCE the Dow law went into operation nearly 5,000 saloons in the state have been closed up entirely, while the remainder contribute a considerable revenue for the support of the police and the infirmaries. All this has been done in a year. That the temperance movement in Ohio is making rapid progress is evident, and a Prohibition law is one of the probabilities in the near future. Meanwhile the Third Party Prohibitionists are making the mistake of weakening their own friends by thus setting up a separate standard.

SEN. COCKRELL, of Missouri, was one of the few public men who congratulated President CLEVELAND on his battle-flag order. It now appears that one of the flags in question was captured from the Missouri Senator, and that he was also captured with it.

A MUGWUMP VIEW OF THE BLADE'S VOTE.

The New York *Herald* is a strong mugwump newspaper. The people of the wide, free West can hardly understand the peculiar mental bias, of which the Eastern mugwump is possessed; and we therefore reproduce the entire editorial article from our somewhat respectable but decidedly eccentric mugwump contemporary. It is to be remembered that the mugwumps all suffer an attack of acute mania at any mention of JAMES G. BLAINE'S name in connection with the Presidency—which fact it is to be remembered in reading the article. We may also remark that the paragraph seems to have been penned by its writer without his having read the BLADE'S complete article, but only a telegraphic summary, giving merely the names of those having the greater number of votes:

The Toledo BLADE, a respectable but eccentric republican newspaper, has been at some pains to ascertain from its readers their Republican Presidential preferences. From the states and territories, Utah excepted, reports are given—in all 21,390 expressions of opinion. For President Blaine has 11,010; Sherman, 6,684; Lincoln, 2,237. The next highest candidate, Allison, has only 587 votes, Fairchild dropping to 117. The illustrious Gen. Sherman has 94, and our eloquent and venerable statesman, Evarts, a beggarly 78. For the Vice Presidency Robert T. Lincoln has 7,320 votes, Chauncey M. Depew coming next with 1,256. Sheridan, as showing the sincerity of Republican respect for the military record of Presidential candidates, has only 50 votes. Fairchild, with his three abounding passions, gets 44.

The leadership of the Republican party, therefore, so far as it is here voiced by public opinion, rests with James G. Blaine, John Sherman, Robert T. Lincoln and William B. Allison. Mr. Blaine, Mr. Sherman and Mr. Allison are politicians pure and simple who entered public life as pure young men and are now rich, as is believed from the opportunities of public life. Mr. Lincoln is a nanie, a patriotic and noble memory. He is a colorless politician, a placid secretary of War—but a Lincoln. Mr. Depew is a new sensation, an orator, a gentleman, a railway president, who has never written letters which his correspondents were desired to burn. His is therefore a useful name on the season's cards. Three rich politicians, a season's sensation and a memory—that is all.

Note likewise the gentlemen who are distanced in this interesting race. Conkling is not even mentioned, nor Hoar nor Dawes. Edmunds, the finest intellect in the Senate, has a sorry following; Grimes, Harrison, Evarts, Cameron, Ingalls, scarcely complimented. No name from the South, none from the Pacific coast. And this fervent Republican love for the soldiers! Is it to be seen in these sorry votes for Sherman and Sheridan, or even in the small contingent attracted by the palsies of Fairchild or the mild military achievements of Hawley? We have heard of Republicans like James Russell Lowell, L. P. Morton, William D. Kelley, R. J. Oglesby, Leland Stanford, John A. Kasson. Surely these gentlemen might have at least the courtesy of recognition in Republican councils. And poor little Mahone away down in Virginia—he might have had one vote! But not a vote. Republican councils seek other fruition—three rich, not over-scrupulous politicians, a summer sensation and a memory—that is all.

Remember likewise that this is the party of Abraham Lincoln, William H. Seward and Salmon P. Chase. Is it not a sorry record? The soldiers of Republicanism, whose names are forever blazoned on the tablets of the nation's glory; orators who have swayed reluctant, impatient senates; statesmen whose work is seen in reconstruction, the integrity of the finances and honorable peace; the gifted leaders of Republican opinion on the rostrum and in Congress; the young leaders who should be hurrying to the front with the loud, cheery voice of assault and triumph—Republicans, in short, whose names are synonymous with heroism, eloquence, culture and statesmanship—where are they?

The Republican party is polled by a Republican organ, and the answer comes back from 21,390 Republican voters—not enough, not enough of character and genius in ruling and debate, culture, military fame. Give us our three politicians whose most impressive achievement in public life has been making money. Give us these as the supreme embodiment of republicanism. If you care to throw in a memory like Lincoln or a summer sensation like Depew, very well. Flavor the mixture as you please, so the spirit remains. With Blaine to lead and Sherman and Allison as henchmen, we are prepared for the campaign."

This, assuredly, is a somewhat sorry outcome for the grand old republican party, as we have heard it called. It is to be sure, none of our business as to whom among the republican gods the followers will worship. There might be a better outlook, as the country may announce by and by. This Ohio boom is canvass and summary is suggestive, and to give it full value our readers must not fail to remember that it is republican testimony from an extreme republican newspaper.

THE absolute control which BISMARCK has over matters in Germany was shown in the matter of money lending to Russia. The latter country is not in a good condition with regard to her commerce and industries, notwithstanding the great works which she is carrying forward. A few months ago, being in pressing need of money, a popular loan was negotiated with success, and encouraged by this, she asked the great money lenders at Berlin who had agreed together to have no dealings with her, to change their decision, which they finally did, by consenting to undertake the conversion of Russian 5s into securities bearing only 4½ per cent interest, and there were indications that the ROTHSCHILDS and their allies would no longer refuse to negotiate new loans for the Czar. Suddenly the newspapers of Berlin published inspired articles advising bankers to withhold from Russia their aid. Thereupon German Courts of Chancery warned guardians and trustees to transfer the investments which they made in Russian securities. These securities have therefore very naturally lost value in European markets. Of course BISMARCK inspired the articles which operated so disastrously for the financial hopes of Russia.

ONE of the evils of the lack of education and mental training, and hence the absence of logical methods of thought, among a large class of people, is seen in the very common ascription of dishonesty to all men who by industry, push and intelligence amass wealth, even in a very moderate degree. The only thing the poor man of limited mental range cannot forgive in another man of brighter intellect, especially if the two started on the same plane, is worldly success. It is singular how widespread this feeling is among the class referred to. A man of narrow abilities is very apt to assume that he is poor because he is honest, and that wealthier men are therefore dishonest. They fail to see that, while all men are equal before the law, nature has endowed some men in a far higher degree than others with those talents which, directed in the proper channels, bring wealth, or position, or fame; to admit such a thing would be practically to admit their own inferiority. Hence they assume that all successful men are dishonest, and that only themselves and those like them are the only honest ones.

THE New York *World* is examining into the mining system in Pennsylvania, and if what is written is half true a slavery of human beings exists there which is almost beyond belief. The "Company Store" oppression is one of the worst features. The workmen are kept in debt all of the time there, and there is no possible way for them to avoid it. It would seem, if affairs are as represented by the *World's* correspondent, that the interference of the law is demanded by all the rights of humanity.

THE Virginia election this fall is for members of the state legislature only, but the contest is one that will be watched all over the Union. Last fall the Republican candidates for Congress received nearly 21,000 more votes than their Democratic opponents; and if there is unity among the party leaders the Republicans will come into power in the Old Dominion, breaking the "Solid South."

THE New York *World*, while it directs its remark at the Labor movement in Ohio, yet it expresses a general truth which can be indorsed by every intelligent man when it says:

The Labor men of Ohio have yet to learn that true public economy consists in keeping all the business that is possible from the hands of the Government.

A HEATED term like the one which has just passed shows conclusively that the greatest sufferers are those who indulge in alcoholic stimulants. In a large majority of the sudden deaths resulting from heat prostration, it would be found that the victims were not perfectly temperate in this direction.

DISESTABLISHMENT IN FRANCE.

The strong demand for a reduction of governmental expenditures in France has led to the agitation of the question whether the relations of church and state shall not be severed. The church is an annual burden to the French tax-payers of $9,000,000, exclusive of $2,000,000 provided by departments and municipal councils. If these supplies were withheld, the question of bringing the gross expenditures below the level of the revenues of the state would be temporarily solved. The concordat was originally negotiated by NAPOLEON in 1801 as an effective instrument for holding the church in subjection to the state. It has survived six revolutions, and a series of seven radical changes in dynasty and form of government. In accordance with its provisions no edict of the pope can be received by the French church or be published, printed or otherwise executed, without the authorization of the government. No messenger can exercise on French soil or elsewhere any function relative to the affairs of the French church. No councils, synods or other ecclesiastical assemblies can be held without the express permission of the government. No bishops are allowed to absent themselves from their dioceses without permission, and all ecclesiastical dignitaries must pledge allegiance to the state. The state holds control of all property and a specified part of the income from the same is used to pay the salaries of the officials.

The relations of church and state have, however, been completely transformed since the opening of the century. The concordat is practically infringed on both sides. The control of the state over the established church, which NAPOLEON effectually secured in his time, has ceased. Bishops are installed in their dioceses without permission from the ministry of worship; their pastoral letters are not submitted to the government; and they and the clergy as well have come to regard church buildings, episcopal palaces and parish property as ecclesiastical rather than national. On the other hand the state, which contracted in 1801 to pay the clergy salaries that would enable them to live with a reasonable degree of comfort, has failed to fulfil its obligations. While many salaries paid to the clergy have been raised in the course of 80 years, there are numbers of parishes in every department of France where priests receive the beggarly pittances which were allowed in 1801.

There is a strong party within the church in favor of disestablishment. Eminent ecclesiastics believe that disendowment would prove a substantial benefit to the church, and it is probable that a religious revival would be promoted by disestablishment. A good deal would, however, depend on the methods adopted by the French legislators. If they cut off the salaries, but make over all the church property to the ecclesiastical authorities, without subjecting it to rent or taxation, disendowment will undoubtedly prove a positive gain to the cause of religion. If they attempt to levy taxes and to embarrass the ecclesiastical authorities in various ways, they may impose heavy burdens that will temporarily cripple the church. Such a policy would, of course, be dangerous to existing institutions, and would arouse the most intense and bitter resentment.

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The five great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN, LUTHER and TALMAGE for 80 cents, the whole nine for $1.25. Order at once.

SEVERAL elections have lately been held in England to fill vacancies in the House of Commons, and the results in each case have shown, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that there has been within a year a very rapid growth of public sentiment in favor of justice to long-suffering Ireland. If the members of the present Commons were to be elected at the present time, there would be a heavy majority in favor of Home Rule. The day of redemption for Ireland draws nigh, and when the Tories, now in power, are overthrown, a Parliament that is willing to do justice to the Green Isle will be chosen. Every sympathizer with the down-trodden Irish rejoices at the change in stubborn English sentiment. The English people love justice, but their eyes have long been blinded by prejudice. Now that the scales are falling off, they will be as persistent in seeing that Ireland has her rights as they have always been in maintaining their own.

SYLVANUS COBB, jr., the veteran novelist, died on the 20th. Very few writers have had the pleasure of entertaining a greater number of readers than this mediocre author. He has furnished novels for all the story papers of the East, though his pen for many years was engaged exclusively in the service of the New York *Ledger*. His writings were never vicious, but they were of the easy, namby-pamby order. They satisfied the minds that were easily pleased. He who has written so much has written nothing that will endure. The papers for which he wrote will eulogize him, but time will not hold his name long in remembrance. His novels will become neglected rubbish, and if the next generation would know who SYLVANUS COBB, jr., was they will have to read of him in the encyclopædias, or biographical dictionaries; and the sketches there will be brief.

THE great features of the coming celebration at Philadelphia of the centennial anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States will be: First, an oration and poem in commemoration of the signing of the constitution; second, a grand military display, in which states, territories and the general government will join; and third, an industrial procession. The managers should get some live Ohio men, and preferably from the "livest" city in Ohio—Toledo—to manage the thing. In that case it would be a magnificent success.

SOMEBODY declared with a flourish that Ohio Democratic convention "would have the first whack at the rebel flag business." And how eagerly that convention took its "whack" by carefully abstaining from any mention of it. The Bourbons did not "point with pride" nor yet "denounce" His Majesty Myself on that account. The platform maintains such a profound silence on the subject that you can hear the echo of CLEVELAND'S back-down.

WE respectfully request our poetical friends to stop sending their favors to us for publication. There is an epidemic just now of poetry writing. We cannot use long poems—over 30 lines, say; we *won't* publish long poems; so, for Heaven's sake, quit boring us with them!

A NEW RUSSIAN ENTERPRISE.

The student of history who is watching the way in which it is being made to-day cannot help being convinced that Russia is destined to be one of the greatest powers upon the earth. It is all very well to talk about a monarchy whose authority is violently questioned by so large a proportion of the people over which it holds sway, and to imagine that the time is drawing near when it will crumble to pieces. That the masses are ignorant, is true, and that ignorance is dangerous, is also true, but the very tyranny which seems so terrible to those who live under a Republican form of government is the only thing that can hold it in abeyance, as that of Russia is now doing. Meanwhile she is establishing schools and introducing new industries upon a magnificent scale; she is utilizing her magnificent resources as rapidly as possible, and a brilliant future is without question before her.

An evidence that she thoroughly understands the best means of strengthening her powers is the building of long lines of railroads wherever it seems possible they may be needed, not only for commercial but for military purposes. The latest one projected is across Siberia, to connect St. Petersburg or the Gulf of Finland with Vladivostock on the Sea of Japan. It is said that surveys have been ordered already from Tomsk to Irkutsk; that the surveys will be pushed to the Pacific, following the line of the Amoor river to Vladivostock; and that next spring the actual work of construction will begin, and continue five years, in which time it is believed it can be finished.

This magnificent enterprise is, if the reports are to be believed, to be undertaken in the face of the fact that the country is on the verge of bankruptcy. The deficits annually have become so gigantic that apparently the imperial government has concluded to pay no more attention to them, but to proceed as if not a cent was owed. The collapse of credit in Berlin, mentioned yesterday, would seem to be naturally embarrassing, but it does not appear to produce any such effect upon the Czar and his advisers, and nothing is yet heard of any change of plans with regard to the Siberian enterprise. It will undoubtedly be pushed like the Trans-Caspian railway in the face of all obstacles. And what a wonderful work it will be when completed, enabling the government to transport troops 5,000 miles across the country to the Pacific coast in fifteen days.

THE MORMON CONVERSION.

The state constitution recently drafted by a Mormon convention in Utah is to be voted upon by the people in August, the ultimate aim of it being the admission of that territory as one of the states, with the power to make and execute its own laws. At first glance, it would appear that at last the Mormons had become convinced, as their leaders declare that they are, of the utter impossibility of successfully resisting the United States government, and that they have therefore determined to cease the struggle. The constitution as drafted, gives up polygamy, and separates the church and state as they are separated in the rest of the states of the Union.

Now this would all be very well if it were not for the fact that while upon the surface plural marriage is done away with, the provisions of the constitution are such, that if the making and administration of the laws should fall into the hands of Mormons entirely, it would be an easy matter to evade them and render polygamy possible. This being so, the question is a vital one as to the sincerity of the framers of the constitution.

The BLADE is not a believer in sudden conversions. That there may be exceptional changes of heart in the twinkling of an eye is possible, but these exceptions never come collectively—to stay. It has only been a very short time since these same converted Mormons were most rampant and out-spoken upon this very matter. That they should so suddenly become willing and even anxious to abandon what they have so recently declared themselves willing to die for does not look probable.

The Gentiles of Utah will do well to look before they leap in the matter of the Constitution so suddenly agreed upon by this Mormon Convention, which before it assembled gave no sign of such a purpose. And it would only be the part of wisdom for the people to consider carefully the consequences of admitting Utah into the Union under these provisions. The Mormon majority would have the making of the laws in their hands and also the executive and judiciary. How could they be compelled to keep faith with the country? This is a vital question which remains to be answered. Meanwhile, we have not a shadow of faith in the good intentions of these suddenly converted Mormons.

FOR LIBERIA.

Few people are aware of the extent of the colored emigration from the United States to Liberia, a movement which is constantly increasing. It is a notable fact too, that these people are going more from those states, where their condition is the best, where they have equality before the law and equal political rights with the white man, than from those upon which the old curse of slavery has left its blot. This shows that it is the most intelligent who are going—those who are the best fitted to establish civilization upon that African shore.

The pessimists who were crying out that the emancipation of slaves and bestowal of suffrage would bring about untold evils may console themselves with the probability that this current has only begun to flow, and will increase in strength as the years go by, and Liberia becomes a more congenial home for the colored race. They can never be anything but aliens here—never feel themselves heart and soul one with the white people, and the better advantages in the way of education they have, the stronger will this fact be borne in upon them, and the more inclined will they be to turn to a country where they can mingle exclusively with those of their own color. It seems quite certain that the United States will be in no danger from being overrun with negroes as some have feared, or that her social institutions will be destroyed. Certainly neither will come to pass if the present outpour to Liberia continues.

THE utter foolishness of the free trade fanatics is illustrated by the remark of one or their number, Senator MORGAN, of Alabama, in a Fourth of July speech, who declared that he would rather "that no brick should be laid on yonder iron furnace than that it should be upheld by protection." Alabama is growing wealthy and prosperous under a protective policy, and her people will be bigger fools than the historic colt belonging to Mr. THOMPSON, which swam across a river in order to get a drink on the other side, if they vote to retrograde into a simply agricultural community at the behest of the free trade fanatics.

THE Democratic papers have had a great deal to say about the endorsement of President CLEVELAND'S veto of the dependent pension bill and a general service bill—by the Grand Army. The New York *Tribune* has been gathering the opinions of various Posts throughout the country, and finds only one endorsing it, while the rest uniformly and emphatically give it their condemnation, and most of them support a pension of $12 a month for every soldier. So much for old soldiers' approval of the President.

LABOR IN POLITICS.

Considerable speculation is being indulged in with regard to the political intentions of the labor agitators in the Presidential campaign next year. From all that can be learned from the most reliable sources, it seems almost certain that they will have a ticket in the national field. There is no reason for supposing that they will not, since they are taking a part in the state politics of the present time, and have already made their nominations in Ohio, while it is almost certain that they will do the same thing in several others.

Of course this will introduce a new element into the matter, the strength of which will have to be gauged before its influence can be in any degree estimated. In Ohio the best judges, those who are situated in a way to form the most correct judgment, believe that the Labor party will draw just about as many votes from the Democratic ticket as the Prohibitionists will from the Republican. In New York, in consequence of the presence and influence of HENRY GEORGE and Father MCGLYNN, the Labor movement may have more strength. As a whole, however, the two will be likely to be very nearly balanced in the national elections, unless one or the other of these new parties develops with unexpected vigor. However, the whole matter is one that a conclusion about is difficult to be arrived at, since none can measure the influences which are working quietly, as well as with a flourish of trumpets. It is always the unexpected that happens.

TRULY SOUTHERN.

Another evidence of the fair play which the blacks receive at the South, and of the desire of the people that their condition should be improved, is seen in a recent occurrence in South Carolina, related in a special to the Chicago *Tribune*. It seems that the discovery has lately been made that the Abbeville *Press and Banner* is printed exclusively by negro compositors. Forthwith a howl has been raised by the newspapers of the state that an honorable business has been degraded, that it is an injustice to young white men who have been crowded out by this cheap labor from a field of industry peculiarly their own, and more of the same sort contained in column after column of editorials. Many of the papers have declared their intention of having nothing more to do with one edited by a white man, but set by black.

Meanwhile, the *Press and Banner* goes calmly on its way with the declaration that as "it was working for the almighty dollar, it proposes to have the cheapest and most satisfactory labor without regard to the boycott."

It has been hitherto supposed that strikes and boycotts were only the resort of dissatisfied labor, and not that of intelligent employers in order to carry out a race prejudice. A good many new ideas that have not been considered consistent with intelligence, justice and equity by the rest of the nation, have had their birth in the South in the past, and this is, with them, only the outcome of that one which teaches that God made the Southern white to rule all other of His creatures.

OUR FORESTS.

The topics to be considered at the session of the American Forestry Congress, which will be held at Springfield, Ill., September 14, 15 and 16, are as follows:

1. Necessity of change of policy on the part of the general government in regard to its timber lands.
2. Effects and results of forest legislation in the different states.
3. Suggestions in regard to desirable forest legislation.
4. Methods of artificial forest planting in the prairie states, and suggestions in regard to the same.
5. Methods of enlarging the effectiveness of the work of the Forestry Congress.

The constant and heavy reduction of our forest area has led all thoughtful people to recognize the importance of restoring all areas not suitable to cultivation to woodland again, and in the prairie states of largely increasing the forest area. There are less than 500,000,000 acres of primeval forest in the whole of the United States, and the annual timber consumption is over twenty billion feet. At this rate, we are using more each year than the natural rate of increase. We are wasteful of our forest riches, and we are pursuing a course that will bring on a scarcity of lumber within the period of the lives of men now living. And the destruction of our forest is slowly exerting a bad influence upon the rainfall, and hence upon our water supply and agricultural conditions. The proceedings of the Congress should be received with interest by the public.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

THE OHIO REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

As this issue of the BLADE goes to press on Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock, we are unable to give our readers the result of the State Republican convention. The delegates and visitors are arriving on every train, and it promises to be one of the most important and largely attended Republican conventions the state has ever seen.

THE New York *Witness*, a prominent third party organ, has the following editorial remarks on the BLADE'S presidential vote:

The Toledo BLADE (Rep.) having called for an expression of the views of its readers as to the next candidate for the Presidency, received 21,390 responses. Of these 11,000 declared Mr. Blaine to be their first choice, while 6,684 voted for Mr. Sherman, and 2,737 for Robert Lincoln, the rest scattering. As the BLADE circulates very widely, and has not expressed a preference for Mr. Blaine, this may, perhaps, be considered to give a fair indication of the views of the Republican party. Mr. Blaine runs ahead, not only in the total, but also in the vote from each separate state, with the exception of Kentucky, Louisiana, Rhode Island and South Carolina. The only thing which surprises us in the figures is to find Edmunds and Hawley so low down in the list, the former receiving 117 votes, and the latter only 47.

THE complaint comes from Indiana that federal patronage in that state has been largely bestowed on the bummers of the party. The same thing is true, in a greater or less degree, here in Ohio, and everywhere in the Union. Civil service reform theory and spoils practice illustrate the usual difference between Bourbon promises and performance.

CLEVELAND'S enemies in the Democratic camp in New York are quietly preparing, it is declared, to let that state go by default this year. They want the Republicans to triumph in the state election, in order to aid in defeating CLEVELAND'S renomination.

GAMBRINUS Assembly of the Knights of Labor, at Milwaukee, 1,000 strong, has withdrawn from that organization because of Mr. POWDERLY'S sentiments on the temperance question. But POWDERLY is right and the beer men are wrong, all the same.

THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean* speaking of the suicide of the Anarchist ECKHARDT at Joliet suggests that the rest of the condemned anarchists might avert a public difficulty by doing likewise, and that while the officers of the prison could not supply them with the "tools," their friends, who are allowed to see them, might do so easily. No danger of this suggestion being followed, however.

SOME FURTHER OPINIONS.

We reproduce below the editorial comments of two of the leading mugwump papers of the country—the Springfield, Mass., *Republican*, and the Boston *Herald*—upon the BLADE'S Presidential canvass. The Springfield *Republican* says:

The Republican party is very likely to find itself in 1888 in search of an availability candidate who can relieve it of the necessity of taking either Blaine or Sherman. This is all that has given Allison any chance. Mr. Allison is a Senator of the United States from Iowa, a sound, hard-working man, right on most questions, but with no especial claim above this commonplace character. He is not a great originator of legislation or constitutional lawyer like Mr. Edmunds. He is a silver man and has voted for the silver dollar. He comes from the West, which the party considers a desideratum in any other candidate but Blaine.

The prominence of Robert T. Lincoln among the Republicans favored by the Toledo BLADE'S readers for President was significant and hopeful. Lincoln, as an available candidate, far outranks Mr. Allison. He is an honored son of an honored sire. His father was a great man, whose fame is going to rise as we emerge from the prevailing tendency to exalt the military heroes of the civil war. His nomination will recall to mind the bold stand he took when the South thousands of colored men who will never hear or derive any encouragement from John Sherman's denunciation of the Confederate administration. Lincoln was the great Republican idol of the Republican party, its *deus ex machina*, and and his son's name will have a like potent influence at the North, associated as it is in his character with unsullied integrity and high administrative ability.

To that add the modesty of the man and his known preference for private life, and he becomes one of the candidates who are chosen and summoned to the front by the people. In the absence of deep-rooted and exciting issues, such as called forth a master like the elder Lincoln, the son belongs to the class of men who seem best fitted to the office of President in more tranquil times—men who have been prominently identified with the struggles and triumphs of the party in the past, not the giants of past warfare, but younger men of judicial mold, of liberal culture, as to time to the improvement of public administration and the reform of abuses and sympathetic with every section of a Union truly restored. To this class belongs Mr. Hayes, Gen. Garfield, and Mr. Arthur, and to it belongs President Cleveland.

Robert T. Lincoln as a youth saw his father elevated to power and fall by assassination. He had the education of Phillips Academy, Harvard College and a year on Gen. Grant's staff. After fifteen years of private life as an Illinois lawyer, he was made secretary of War by President Garfield and was the only member of his cabinet retained by his successor, President Arthur. He made the best secretary of War of all who have recently held the position. He knew no party lines in administration, and served only his country. His service was recognized broadly as that of a patriot and statesman. In his own party no faction claimed him as its exclusive possession. His personal independence, integrity, and sincere devotion to administrative reform would, if he were nominated, command the confidence and assortment of attractions before the independent and mugwump vote which elected Mr. Cleveland. He fulfills the demand for a Western candidate, and with Gov. Robinson or Gen. Hawley for Vice-President would head a strong ticket, and present a combination calculated to reunite the Republican party.

The Boston *Herald* devotes its discussion of the vote to ROBERT T. LINCOLN:

The fact that the Toledo BLADE'S canvass of its Republican subscribers shows 2,237 votes for Robert T. Lincoln as their preferences for the next Presidential candidate has attracted attention. It really is not without reason. It proves, first, that there is attraction in the name of Lincoln in connection with the Presidency, and, next, that there are a considerable number of Republicans who are altogether at a loss as to whom their party should nominate for that office. We do not think that it can be regarded as proving much more than this. Mr. Robert T. Lincoln has shown himself to be a self-contained, sensible gentleman. As a cabinet officer in the late administration, he discharged the duties incumbent upon him creditably and without obtrusiveness. He certainly did not "slop over," if we may be allowed the use of this expressive term in the connection, and he is entitled to all the credit that can come to him for avoiding such a mistake. Yet we hardly see enough in his record to warrant the sending of him out as a candidate for the Presidency. We do not think that Mr. Lincoln himself differs from us upon this point. He appears to have had no ambition for the Presidency, or, indeed, for public life of any kind, since he left office two years

DRY A TWELVEMONTH.

Atlanta's Year of Prohibition—The People Well Satisfied with the Result—None of the Evil Consequences Predicted Have Been Experienced.

Atlanta Constitution, June 21.

The election at which prohibition was put on trial in this city is entitled to a place among great events. No election of a local nature was ever before held in a city of 60,000 people in which more was involved. The changes proposed by it were so radical as to be almost revolutionary. Over 100 business houses were to be closed. Nearly 500 men were to be forced to give up a chosen employment. The city treasury was to be left with $40,000 less revenue. Trade amounting annually to millions was to be turned away from the city. Many large business houses were to be left unrented. Of course, a movement proposing measures so radical met with the most spirited and determined opposition. Many of our best citizens regarded it with outspoken disfavor.

It was said that prohibition in a city so large as this was impracticable, that it would not prohibit, that the trade would be injured, that taxes would be increased, that the stores in which the liquor business was carried on would not be rented for other purposes, that the same amount of whisky would be drunk with the law as without it, the city would only miss the revenue, that it would be a death-blow to Atlanta's progress.

It has now been eighteen months since the election, and twelve months since the law went into effect. We are prepared thus from observation to note results.

Prohibition in this city does prohibit. The law is observed as well as the law against carrying concealed weapons, gambling, theft, and other offenses of like character. If there had been as many people in favor of carrying concealed weapons, theft, gambling, etc., as there were in favor of the retail of ardent spirits twelve months ago, law against these things would not have been carried out as well as it was against the liquor trade. In consideration of the small majority with which Prohibition was carried, and the large number of people who were opposed to even now it prohibit, the law has been marvelously well observed.

Prohibition has not injured the city financially. According to the assessors' books property in the city has increased over $2,000,000. Taxes have not been increased. Two streets in the city, Decatur and Peters, were known as liquor streets. It was hardly considered proper for a lady to walk these streets without an escort. Now they are just as orderly as any in the city. Property on them has advanced from 10 to 25 per cent. The loss of $40,000 revenue consequent on closing the saloons has tended in no degree to impede the city's progress in any direction. Large appropriations have been made to the water works, the public schools, the Piedmont Fair, and other improvements. The business men have raised $100,000 to build the Atlanta & Hawkinsville railroad.

The number of city banks is to be increased to five. The coming of four new railroads has been settled during the year. Fifteen new stores containing house-furnishing goods have been started since prohibition went into effect. These are doing well. More furniture has been sold to mechanics and laboring men in the last twelve months than in any twelve months during the history of the city. The manufacturing establishments of the city have received new life. A glass factory has been built. A cotton-seed oil mill is being built worth $125,000. All improvements companies with a basis in real estate have seen their stock doubled in value since the election on prohibition.

Stores in which the liquor trade was conducted are not vacant, but are now occupied by other lines of trade. According to the real estate men, more laborers and men of limited means are buying lots than ever before. Rents are more promptly paid than formerly. More houses are rented by the same number of families than heretofore. Before prohibition sometimes as many as three families would live in one house. The heads of those families now not spending their money for drink are each able to rent a house, thus using three instead of one. Workingmen who formerly spent a great part of their money for liquor now spend it in food and clothes for their families. The retail grocery men sell more goods and collect their bills better than ever before. Thus they are able to settle more promptly with the wholesale men.

A perceptible increase has been noticed in the number of people who ride in the street cars. According to the coal dealers, many people bought coal and stored it away last winter who had never been known to do so before. Others who had been accustomed to buying two or three tons on time, this last winter bought seven or eight, and paid cash for it. A leading proprietor of a millinery store said that he had sold more hats and bonnets to laboring men for their wives and daughters than before in the history of his business. Contractors say their men do better work, and on Saturday evenings, when they receive their week's wages, spend the same for flour, hams, dry goods, or other necessary things for their families. Thus they are in better spirits, have more hope, and are not inclined to strike and growl about higher wages.

Attendance upon the public schools has increased. The superintendent of Public Instruction, said in his report to board of Education, made January 1, 1887:

During the past year it has become a subject of remark by teachers in the schools and by visitors, that the children were more tidy, were better dressed, were better shod, and presented a neater appearance than ever before. Less trouble has been experienced in getting parents to purchase books required by the rules, fewer children have been withdrawn to aid in supporting the family, the higher classes in the grammar schools have been fuller, and more children have been promoted to the high schools, both male and female, than ever before in the history of the schools. All these indications point to the increased prosperity of the city, and to the growing interest in the cause of education on the part of the people.

There has been a marked increase in attendance upon the Sunday schools of the city. This is especially noticeable among the suburban churches. Many children have started to the Sunday schools who were not able to attend for want of proper clothing. Attendance upon the different churches is far better. From 1,500 to 2,000 people have joined the various churches of the city during the year.

The determination on the part of the people to prohibit the liquor traffic has stimulated a disposition to do away with other evils. The laws against gambling are rigidly enforced. A considerable stock of gamblers' tools gathered together by the police for several years past was recently used for the purpose of making a large bonfire on one of the unoccupied squares of the city. The city council has refused longer to grant license to bucket shops, thus putting the seal of its condemnation upon the trade in futures of all kinds.

All these reforms have had a decided tendency to diminish crime. Two weeks were necessary formerly to get through with the criminal docket. During the present year it was closed out in two days. The chain-gang is almost left with nothing but the chains and the balls. The gang part would not be large enough to work the public roads of the county were it not augmented by fresh supplies from the surrounding counties. The city government is in the hands of our best citizens.

The majority in this county in favor of prohibition was only 235. Such a change has taken place in public sentiment, however, that now there is hardly a respectable anti-Prohibitionist in the city who favors a return to barrooms. There are some who would prefer high license, or its sale by the gallon, but it is a remarkable fact that there is no disposition to have the saloon opened again.

The barroom has gone from Atlanta forever, and the people with remarkable unanimity say amen! There is very little drinking in the city. There has been 40 per cent. falling in the number of arrests, notwithstanding there has been a rigid interpretation of the law under which arrests are made. Formerly, if a man was sober enough to walk home he was not molested. Now, if there is the slightest variation from that state in which the center of gravity falls in line inside the base, the party is made to answer for such variation at the station house.

Our experience has demonstrated to us beyond a doubt that a city of 60,000 inhabitants can get along and advance at a solid and constant rate without the liquor traffic.

One Sign Infallible.

An old dry goods man says: "The employe who is living beyond his income is either already robbing his principal or soon will do so. Another is equally true: He who makes unnecessary display of his religious convictions and his honor is already a hypocrite, and only needs opportunity to become a thief. Reject a talkative applicant. He will probably divulge your affairs and will certainly waste his time. Prefer a man dependent on his own exertions, and with others dependent upon him. A young man who knows his father will support him if he loses his place, is less apt to work well than a married man with no resources but his salary."

A Rare Chance Until October 1st.

To advertise their book on Diseases of Women and Children, the Zoa Phora Medicine Co. have published a pamphlet edition which they will send free to lady applicants until October 1st. Postage 4c. Address the secretary of the company, H. O. Colman, Kalamazoo, Mich.

HEALTH OF CHILDREN.

The Care and Management of Infants and Young Children.

Issued by the State Board of Health of Ohio.

Thousands of children in Ohio die every year from improper care and bad surroundings. It is estimated that out of 100 live-born children, from 40 to 50 will die before the close of the fifth year. That a large proportion of these deaths could be prevented, is well established, and the state board of Health has presented herewith, in simple form, instructions for the care and management of children, which, if followed, will be the means of saving each year many precious lives.

In seeking for the cause of this excessive infant mortality, we find that the acute infectious fevers, such as measles, diphtheria, small-pox, scarlet fever, and whooping-cough; inflammations of the respiratory apparatus, as pneumonia, bronchitis, etc., and diarrhœal diseases, are the main factors in producing it.

Small-pox, scarlet fever, diphtheria, etc., are to be prevented by avoiding exposure to these diseases, or to clothing or other articles containing the poison by which they are caused.

It is to be specially urged that children be vaccinated at an early age, and thus be protected from that dread disease, small-pox.

Circulars on the restriction and prevention of these diseases have been issued by the Board, and will be sent to any one on application.

The other causes of death of children, viz.: inflammation of the lungs and diarrhœal diseases, may be largely prevented by precautions in regard to exposure and diet. Great care is needed with little children to provide them with proper

CLOTHING.

The first want of a new-born babe is heat. It is unable to supply sufficient heat to keep itself warm, even when heavily clothed; hence, unless constantly in bed with its mother during the first week or two of life, the rooms it inhabits must constantly be kept warm.

As the child grows older, and is placed, as it should always be, to sleep by itself, it will often, by its restlessness, become uncovered at night. It should sleep in night dresses of flannel, preferably made as one garment and sewed up at the bottom, so the feet cannot become uncovered.

Clothing for children should always be made very *loose*, giving their limbs and lungs free movement. It is when children are old enough to walk and be out of doors, that the greatest care is demanded for protecting them by proper clothing. It is at this age that death so frequently occurs from acute inflammatory affections of the lungs, and this is undoubtedly due to exposure and improper dress. Care must be taken to clothe the limbs and chest warmly. Mothers are often negligent in this respect, and children may frequently be seen in cold weather clothed in heavy skirts and dresses, but with legs and necks comparatively bare.

It should be remembered that in most houses in winter, a cold stratum of air is to be found near the floor, and hence, infants placed on the floor may be greatly exposed to cold in a comparatively warm room.

CLEANLINESS.

Attention must be given to cleanliness, and children should not be allowed to sleep in soiled garments. Clothing worn at night should be shaken and thoroughly aired when removed in the morning. The clothing and napkins soiled by the discharges of young infants should be removed at once, and not used again until washed and thoroughly dried. The washing and airing should not be done in the nursery or living rooms.

Unless children are very feeble they should have frequent baths, except when otherwise directed by the physician. If they are too delicate for a full bath, sponging should be substituted. The popular idea that dirty children are the healthiest, is certainly not true in regard to nursing infants.

The factor of greatest importance to the health of children is their

FOOD AND FEEDING.

Especially is this true of nurslings and children under two years of age. *The only natural and best possible food for an infant is breast milk.* If the mother has a sufficient supply and is in good health, or if a suitable wet nurse can be secured, nothing but breast milk and pure water should be given the child for the first five or six months. The child is very frequently injured by *overfeeding.* A feverish child, craving water, is often given an inordinate supply of food, by nursing, to quench its thirst. Many things besides hunger cause children to cry and be restless; and as a rule, for the first two months they should not be nursed oftener than once in two hours, and older children not so often. From the first, children should be nursed less frequently at night, and the mother must not sleep with her child at the breast.

After the first week or two the child should always sleep by itself. The mother should carefully guard her own health, using such diet as best agrees with her. She should not give the breast to the child when she is greatly fatigued or overheated, nor when suffering under great excitement from any cause. When the mother's milk is insufficient, or the child, for any reason, cannot be nursed, it will be necessary to resort to

ARTIFICIAL FOOD.

This is always an evil, and nothing but necessity should cause a mother to resort to it. The one factor of greatest importance in infant mortality is diarrhœal diseases, and these more frequently occur in children wholly brought up by hand. When breast milk cannot be had, cow's milk properly prepared, offers the best substitute. Great care should be exercised to secure pure milk from healthy, well fed cows. This is of importance, and should not be neglected.

The milk should be obtained as fresh as possible, and kept in a cool place in perfectly clean vessels. It would be better, perhaps, to immediately boil the milk, especially in hot weather, when liable to rapid decomposition. Never keep milk in damp, mouldy cellars, or in those containing decaying vegetable or other matter. Neither should it be kept in sleeping rooms, or those constantly inhabited. It should be remembered that nothing so readily collects and preserves filth of all kinds, as milk. Cow's milk, to be fitted for food for young infants, must be diluted, from one-third to one-half, and slightly sweetened and salted.

For diluting the milk, barley-water is much better than pure water, acting both as a diluent and as a food. It may be prepared by boiling a tablespoonful of ground barley in a pint of water for fifteen minutes, and carefully straining through a cloth. It is much better to buy the whole barley, which may be sufficiently ground in an ordinary coffee-mill. The proportion of barley water to be added will depend on the age of the child.

This food should be given at regular intervals, and to young infants should be administered blood warm, through a nursing bottle. A plain bottle of small size should be used, with a nipple, avoiding long rubber tubes, and bottle and nipple must be kept scrupulously clean.

Prepare enough milk for one meal, and if any remains after feeding, empty at once and thoroughly scald the bottle and nipple. If the child thrives and gains weight on this diet, nothing else should be given it for food for the first six or seven months. A less quantity of water, however, should be added to the milk as the child grows older. If there is a tendency to constipation, oatmeal gruel made in the same way as the barley gruel, only boiled for a longer time, may be used to dilute the milk. If this food does not not agree with the child, something else must be substituted, and in such cases a physician should be consulted and prescribe its diet. Do not trust to infant foods sold in the shops, without taking advice.

Children from nine to ten months of age may be allowed a greater variety of food, but milk should still form an important part of their diet.

CARE IN HOT WEATHER.

Great care is required in the diet of children during the extreme hot months. It is of great importance at this time to keep children cool. The coolest room in the house should be assigned for their sleeping room, and they should be given a bath before bed time. During the heat of the day they should be lightly clad, and it would be well also to give them a cool sponge bath. If a child is seized with diarrhœa, keep it quiet in a cool place, and look carefully to its diet, which it would be well to reduce for a short time. If it does not soon get better, send for a physician, and do not give the child medicine without his sanction.

Finally, whoever would raise healthy children must be doubly guarded as to the cleanliness of his house and surroundings. The little one suffers first from unhealthy surroundings, and the house, from garret to cellar, should be cleaned and well aired. Have an eye to all sinks, water-closets, bath-tubs, etc., making sure, by repeated examinations, that the air of your dwelling is not being poisoned by escaping sewer gas. Remove filth of all kinds from house, cellar, and yard; be sure your drinking water is pure, and not contaminated by leachings from any cess-pool or privy-vault.

You should not only put your own house and premises in proper condition, but insist that your neighbor does likewise.

This circular is prepared for gratuitous distribution, and a copy will be sent to any one making application to the

SECRETARY STATE BOARD OF HEALTH,
Columbus, Ohio.

IN "OLD TIMES."

How They Used to Travel Over this Country.

Picture yourself a traveler of 1752, occupying six days—144 hours—in traversing the distance between New York and Philadelphia. Imagine, for a moment, the discomforts and actual pains of such a journey during the winter months. Huddled on a crowded sloop for from 12 to 48 hours, fighting leyhead tides, beating against winds chilly, drear, and contrary, eating cold snacks supplied by yourself, even "a fine cabin fitted up with a tea table," could hardly have palliated the miseries of such a voyage. In October, 1723, Benjamin Franklin, when making his first visit to Philadelphia, was 36 hours on the passage from New York to Amboy. His sloop was nearly lost in a squall, and one of the passengers, falling overboard, narrowly escaped being drowned. Over 50 years later a traveler tells of being twenty hours in sailing sixteen miles on the Delaware on a sloop, while on a journey from New York to Philadelphia. The same traveller was nearly shipwrecked in New York bay, and lost some of his baggage at Amboy. On reaching Amboy passengers were lodged in uncomfortable taverns; they slept on straw-filled ticks, usually with two or three bedfellows, and without clothes as to company. The passage overland to Lewis on the Delaware was none the less disagreeable. The stages were ordinary Jersey wagons without springs, with white canvas covers stretched over hoops, those at the front and rear being very high, which gave somewhat of a picturesque appearance to the rude vehicle. The wheels revolved on primitive boxes kept greased by a frequent application of tar that was carried in a bucket suspended under the wagon body. Clumsy inch-pins were supposed to secure the wheels, but they had a fashion, with but slight provocation, of hopping out and letting the axle down with a thud in the mud, and sending the passengers sprawling on the straw-covered floor of the stage.

The roads were, of course, in a wretched condition, with alternating stumps and holes. The rivers and streams had to be forded, and after heavy rains long delays were incurred while awaiting the subsiding of the waters. The male travelers were expected partly to walk the passage up hill by walking up the steep rises, and by putting their shoulders to the wheel when the steaming horses were stalled in a slough. But this outside work was not much worse than being jolted on the hard seats within, while the lumbering vehicle lurched and strained over the uneven roads or staggered across cañon-like gullies. It was many years before there were any decent roads in New Jersey. Between 1765 and 1768 many unsuccessful efforts were made to float a lottery for raising money to improve the highways across the province. Gov. Franklin, in an address to the assembly in 1768, refers to their condition as follows: "Even those which lie between the two principal trading cities in North America are seldom passable without danger or difficulty."

Beyond almost all the other improvements of this great age stands the progress made in locomotion. As Obadiah and Scotch Johnny smoked their pipes in their respective tap-rooms, listening to travelers' tales of hardships by land and water, how incomprehensible they must have been, and they been told that their posterity would ply between New York and Philadelphia in a less number of minutes than it took hours for their customers to traverse that distance; that in 1887 America would be bound and interlaced with 150,000 miles of iron and steel roads, constructed at an average cost of $33,000 per mile, over which carriages should roll without visible means of locomotion, attaining the velocity, at times, of a mile in 45 seconds.

ABOUT BANANAS.

They Contain Three Times the Natriment of Meat.

A pound of bananas contains more nutriment than three pounds of meat or many pounds of potatoes, while as food the banana is in every sense of the word far superior to wheaten bread. Although it grows spontaneously throughout the tropics, when cultivated its yield is prodigious, for an acre of ground planted with bananas will produce in a single year, without rich food material as 33 acres of wheat, or over 100 acres of potatoes. The banana, then, is the bread of millions who could not well subsist without it. In Brazil it is the principal food of the laboring classes, while it is no less prized in the Island of Cuba. Indeed, in the latter country the sugar-planters grow orchards of it expressly for the consumption of their slaves. Every day each hand receives his ration of salt fish or dried beef, as the case may be, and four bananas and two plantain. The banana—it should be called plantain, for until lately there was no such word as banana—is divided into several varieties, all of which are used for food. *Platina manzanita* is a small, delicate fruit, neither longer nor stouter than a lady's forefinger. It is the most delicious and prized of all the varieties of the plantain. *El platino guineo*, called by us the banana, is probably more in demand than any kind. It is stub-ended, into different varieties, the original of which are yellow and purple bananas we see for sale in our markets; but the latter are so little esteemed by the natives of the tropics that they are seldom eaten by them. *El platino grande*—known to us simply as the plantain—is also sub-divided into varieties which are known by their savor and size. The kind that reaches our market is almost ten inches long, yet on the Isthmus of Darien there are plantains that grow from eighteen to twenty-two inches. They are never eaten raw, but are either boiled or roasted, or are prepared as preserves.—*Market Journal.*

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The matter of church attendance and the reasons for neglect of church worship have been much discussed. Many worthy citizens, mechanics, clerks, useful men in all the various branches of business, with interesting families, yet limited in the means of enabling them to move in society in the style of some others, and therefore all the more sensitive, are detained from worship on this account, when they would gladly attend with their families. Occasionally, as on some special occasion, Sunday evening when their plain apparel will be less manifest, they appear at church; there is a prospect of a large audience, the usher does not notice them, or informs them there are no vacant seats. They stand a moment and look in. Soon a rich and fashionably-dressed couple appear at the entrance and are at once recognized by the usher and shown to desirable seats. The poor mechanic or clerk and his wife turn back in disgust, feeling that it is no place for them, and feeling no desire ever to go to that church again. The pastor may preach and exemplify the gospel in its true spirit with fidelity, and be in true pastoral sympathy with them as much as his nature has done, it may be thoughtlessly, more to counteract his preaching than he can overcome for months, and the prejudice is created against the whole associated membership of that church. This discourtesy is remarked upon to the other associates of this mechanic and his wife, and they also feel the more indifferent to church attendance. The example cited is not hypothetical, but of a kind that frequently occurs.

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THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN.

Twice Positively Identified, but Mistakes in Both Cases.

I was in New York the first year of the war. One morning there was found in the North river the body of a young woman. There was a gag upon the mouth and a heavy weight tied to the waist, showing that the girl had been murdered. She had nothing on but an embroidered undergarment and one lisle thread stocking two sizes larger than the foot but exactly fitting the leg. The face was very beautiful, and there was no mark or blemish on the body except a small scar on a lower limb. Every effort was made to identify her without success, so the head was removed and preserved in the office of the city physician and the body was buried. Shortly afterwards a gentleman happening to see the head declared it to be that of a woman named Ada Ricard, a young woman of dubious status, but of marvelous beauty, who a few weeks before had suddenly left her hotel and had not been heard of since. Upon comparison of dates it was found that the disappearance of Ada Ricard and the finding of the body exactly corresponded.

The detectives then made search for Charles Ricard, her supposed husband, and found him. He had not lived with her for some time and he had not seen her for months, but he gave a very minute description of her personal appearance. He spoke of her beautiful teeth, marred by the loss of one on the left side; that her ears had been pierced twice; that she had a small scar on a lower limb; and that she was forced to wear stockings too large for her feet, owing to the development of her limbs. He also gave a minute account of her hair, cast of face, height and weight. When he gave this description he was not aware of the death of his wife, and when he was confronted with the head he sank into a chair horrified.

His statement having been compared with this head and record of the body, the likeness was found to be exact, except from each side of the mouth. Upon closer examination by the physician, however, it was found that the tooth upon the right side had been forced from its place and was still adhering to the gum. Being pushed into proper position Richard fully identified the head as that of his wife. Other witnesses, too, were found, among others Ada Ricard's hairdresser, who confirmed the statement of Charles Ricard. The identity of the murdered woman was established beyond question, and the detectives went to work to discover the murderer, when Ada Ricard herself appeared at a down town hotel in perfect health. She had suddenly taken a notion to go to New Orleans without saying a word to anybody. That city was at the time under the command of Gen. Butler, who had turned Mrs. Ricard back north again. And so the ghastly head continued as much of a mystery as ever.

Descriptions were again sent out, and a woman came from Boston and identified the body as that of the missing daughter, and she was corroborated by several of her friends. The identification was quite as complete as in the case of Ada Ricard, and yet before the woman could remove the remains to Boston, word come to her that her daughter was alive and in one of the hospitals of the city, which turned out to be true, and the mystery remained as great as ever. It never has been ascertained who the murdered woman was.

CHINESE PECULIARITIES.

Kinks of the Ways of Life in the Celestial Empire.

The highest ambition of a Chinese gentleman is to have a nice coffin and a fine funeral.

Old women instead of young are the idols of society.

Love-making is only done three days before marriage. It is not only considered the safest way to get ahead of a rival, but the surest way to get a wife without losing much time.

A previous acquaintanceship between the male and female prevents them from marriage. For this reason a man seldom weds a girl of his own town.

A man could borrow money on the strength of his having a son, but no one would advance him a cent if he had a dozen of daughters. The former is responsible for the debts of his father for three generations. The latter is only responsible for the debts of her own husband.

When a Chinaman meets another he shakes and squeezes his own hands, covers his head, or his friends had not seen him. Behold, a match food material as 33 acres of wheat, or over 100 acres of potatoes. The banana, then, is the bread of millions who could not well subsist without it. In Brazil it is the principal food of the laboring classes, while it is no less prized in the Island of Cuba. Indeed, in the latter country the sugar-planters grow orchards of it expressly for the consumption of their slaves. Every day each hand receives his ration of salt fish or dried beef, as the case may be, and four bananas and two plantain. The banana—it should be called plantain, for until lately there was no such word as banana—is divided into several varieties, all of which are used for food. *Platina manzanita* is a small, delicate fruit, neither longer nor stouter than a lady's forefinger. It is the most delicious and prized of all the varieties of the plantain. *El platino guineo*, called by us the banana, is probably more in demand than any kind. It is stub-ended, into different varieties, the original of which are yellow and purple bananas we see for sale in our markets; but the latter are so little esteemed by the natives of the tropics that they are seldom eaten by them. *El platino grande*—known to us simply as the plantain—is also sub-divided into varieties which are known by their savor and size. The kind that reaches our market is almost ten inches long, yet on the Isthmus of Darien there are plantains that grow from eighteen to twenty-two inches. They are never eaten raw, but are either boiled or roasted, or are prepared as preserves.—*Market Journal.*

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Gotham's Millionaires.

Who is the richest man in New York is a question often asked here. John Jacob Astor undoubtedly. His fortune is placed at $200,000,000. A tidy sum indeed, but Jay Gould is pushing him pretty hard, and the Vanderbilt boys are close behind the king of Wall street. Here is a list made up by a Wall street broker that is as nearly accurate as any such estimates can be: Cornelius Vanderbilt, $100,000,000; W. K. Vanderbilt, $90,000,000; Russell Sage, $60,000,000; Winslow, Lanier & Co., $30,000,000; C. O. Mills, Whitelaw Reid's father-in-law, $20,000,000; Pierrepont Morgan, $18,000,000; Bob Garrett, $20,000,000; Frederick Vanderbilt, $15,000,000; Sidney Dillon, $10,000,000; Addison Cammack, $8,000,000; John Rockefeller, the Standard Oil man, $10,000,000; H. Rockefeller, his brother, $8,000,000; August Belmont, $20,000,000; Oswald Ottendorfer, editor of the *Staats Zeitung*, $5,000,000; James Gordon Bennett, $10,000,000; Austin Corbin, $30,000,000; Erastus Wiman, $3,000,000; and there are a score of others who are worth from $1,000,000 to $10,000,000 each.—*Cor. Chicago Mail.*

The Gladstone Family.

Mrs. Gladstone has four sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Mr. William Henry Gladstone, was born in 1840; he is married to a daughter of Lord Blantyre. The second is the vicar of Hawarden, Mr. Stephen Edward Gladstone, who was last year married to a Liverpool lady. The third, Mr. Henry Neville Gladstone, is a resident of Calcutta; and the fourth is Mr. Herbert Gladstone, born in 1854, M. P. for a division of Leeds, and distinguished in political life. The eldest daughter, Agnes, was married in 1873 to Mr. Wickham, head master of Wellington college; the second is married to the Rev. Henry Drew; the youngest, Helen, is principal of the well-known Ladies' college, at Newham, near Cambridge.—*London Queen.*

The Itcher on the Post.

Years ago—some say forty, others thirty—a young girl was in the act of placing a white pitcher on a post which stands near the South Carolina railway five miles from Aiken, when she was struck dead by lightning. Ever since this tragic occurrence the white pitcher has remained on the post, safe by superstition from the touch of negroes, who believe that the arm which touches it will be paralyzed. Storms and cyclones and earthquakes have not displaced it, although the post that holds it is fast crumbling with decay.

A Boston Girl of Culture

Remarked: "One may conduct the equine quadruped to the aqueous fluid, but it is impossible to compel him to imbibe," which means, you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. Reader, here's your beverage. We offer $75 per month and expenses to any active person, to sell our goods by sample. No peddling; no capital required; all expenses advanced. Sample case of goods free. We mean just what we say. No humbug. Address at once, STANDARD SILVER WARE CO., Boston, Mass.

A HAWAIIAN BANQUET.

The Horrors of Poi—Elegant Roast Pig, and a Sample "Lua-a."

After an address of welcome by the king we are desired to sit down and fall to. We prepare to do so, when—hello! where are the chairs? There are none, and if any were provided what in the world would you do with them at a table that is raised not more than six inches from the ground? We look at the king. He has curled his legs up under him and is seated tailor-wise upon the matting that is spread upon the earth around the festive board. We do in Honolulu as the Honolulans do, squat ourselves like so many Turks about the table, and experience the sensation of having no feet whatever. This Oriental and unaccustomed attitude being at last assumed we looked about at the viands. They seem to consist chiefly of raw fish and piles of uninviting boiled leaves, interspersed with sea-weed, and live shrimps which are cheerfully wriggling and hopping over the tablecloth. We feel our appetite taking a sudden conge; we only come to look on, anyway, we say; we never take anything to eat in the middle of the afternoon. A waiter brings us a dish, with the chamberlain's compliments; we look into it and see a raw crab lying on a bed of glistening seaweed. "An excellent appetizer," says the waiter. We "pass" on the uncooked crab, but try the sea-weed. Concentrated iodine, with a dash of chlorine, and an infused taste of sour fermentation! Open that bottle of Pommery Sec at once! A draught of the foaming liquid relieves us of the taste of this "excellent appetizer." Seaweed, forsooth! It is nothing less than sauer-kraut with the delirium tremens. A pile of the boiled leaves before us is deftly unrolled by the attendant, and behold, a delicious baked mullet, king of edible fishes, partaking of which we declare that there is some merit in Hawaiian cookery after all. Beside each plate stands a large calabash of "poi," the piece de resistance of every native repast. It is made from the root of the taro—an esculent of the Arums family—which is ground into flour, beaten into dough with stone pestles, mixed with water, and allowed to ferment. It is of a faded lavender color and looks like bill-poster's paste—tastes like it, too, when the bill-poster has been careless and allowed it to sour. There is a mild flavor of moldiness about "poi" which is much admired by the natives, but which my palate is too little educated to appreciate. It is made in three forms, which vary only in consistency, and are expressively described as "one-finger," "two-finger," and "three-finger poi." The "one-finger" grade is the thickest, the "three-finger" the thinnest; to eat the latter one must pour it self and one's neighbors is to attain the hight of trencher ability in Hawaii. It may be unnecessary to explain the mysteries of "poi"-eating any further—in the present instance the honored adage that "fingers were made before forks" is disregarded, and the later artificial utensils are employed. We make but little impression on our calabashes of "poi"—even with the assistance of dried fish and a pungent sauce made of the candle-nut (which tastes like burned almonds, and continued so to taste four days after the "luau" is only a memory) the national dish remained insipid. Others, better endowed by nature, or with superior advantages in the way of gastronomic education, seemed to relish it hugely. I was filled with admiration at the exploits of a worthy native dame near by, who put away three quart-calabashes of it in an awful and mysterious manner. "Poi" is undoubtedly nutritious. The taro-plant, from which it is made, will support a thousand men to the acre, and a taro field containing only 40 square feet will keep a man for a year, "poi" and the taro-root, baked or boiled, being his chief food.

Another mass of boiled leaves, filling a large platter, is opened and disclosed—pig. Charles Lamb himself would have rejoiced at seeing this Hawaiian modification of his favorite dish; the Hawaiians would make a noble one for him in their Pantheon if they had ever heard of his glorification of their most esteemed edible. The pig is almost a fetich in Hawaii; he is credited with supernatural sagacity; is sacrificed as an offering of popular avail to Pele, when that unpleasant goddess becomes obstreperous; is accounted, when given by a man to a man, as the most delicate expression of friendship, and is the choicest expression of love and fealty that the subject can offer to his King. His baking is as solemnly considered and carried out as any sacrificial rite. He has been dispatched with all possible promptness, after a generous dose of "poi;" his recipient bristles are delicately removed, and his internal machinery dished up as a particularly agreeable *bonne bouche;* he is washed and cleansed and laid out white and innocent for the fire. A hole is then dug in the ground and lined with glistening banana leaves; red-hot stones are put here and there and rollers fill the interior of the pig. He is placed upon a layer of leaves, two or three pails of water are turned upon him, vegetables and seaweed are packed about him, the earth is replaced, and he is left to steam and bake until the time set for the "luau" arrives. Delicious is he when served on the table, and the pure and savory piece of meat as any man would wish to sit down to. We try the pig and pronounce him very good.

JENNIE CRAMER'S DEATH.

A Man on His Death Bed Says He Saw Her Commit Suicide.

A sensation was caused in New Haven the other day by making public the real cause of the death of that famous poor sonnge, Jennie Cramer. Most people have ceased to ponder about this young woman, and the mysterious circumstances that made the inquiry into the cause of her death one of the great criminal investigations of the country. Years have elapsed since her remains were laid away in Evergreen cemetery, this city. At the time, probably but very people in New Haven, in the state, or in the country, who became interested in the famous Jennie Cramer case, but believe explicitly that she was murdered and her body placed on the surf of Savin Rock.

It is now learned from a reliable source that the young men who were accused of the crime, tried and acquitted, were the martyrs of circumstances and not responsible for her death. A gentleman named Fitzroy, who lived in Holyoke, Mass., a few days ago stated on his death bed that Jennie Cramer committed suicide. This gentleman has a wife living, and it is she who makes public the facts.

Her husband, Mrs. Fitzroy states, left home the week before Jennie Cramer's body was found floating in the surf, presumably to go to New York. Mrs. Fitzroy has been an invalid for years. Instead of going to New York, as he told his wife, he met a lady friend at the Holyoke depot, and together they went to Savin Rock, where he remained, and as he stated on his death bed, with his companion, saw Jennie Cramer commit suicide. He told her that he wanted to make the facts public before he died, and would have done so at the time, only he knew he would be arrested. He told several people at the hotel that his companion had been taken suddenly ill. The next morning the poor girl's body was found floating in the tide. The very next morning Fitzroy left the shore resort and departed for Holyoke. He heard of the arrest of the Malley boys, and came to New Haven, and sat the latter end of the trial. Finally if the boys were found guilty, to get up and tell his story, which, of course, would have cleared them beyond doubt. As it was, they were acquitted, and Fitzroy went back to Holyoke.

The dramatis personæ of the great Cramer-O'Malley trial are now scattered about the world. Blanche Douglass, the New York woman who is supposed to have led poor Jennie on her downward track, is now in one of the lowest of the low Bowery brothels of New York, dying slowly from disease and dissipation. James Malley is now practicing law in a little town in Pennsylvania. Walter Malley is living with his rich old father in this city. He was seen by a correspondent and appeared elated over the news.

"Father spent $100,000 to defend me and my brother," he said; "the state spent as much more to find innocent men guilty. I always thought poor Jennie committed suicide, and so did James. He would have married her if she had lived."

Boston Claims to be Ahead.

There is a negro preacher at Crawford, Ga., without legs. But Fogg says there is nothing very wonderful about that. He knows of a clergyman not a hundred miles from Boston who is without brains. And Fogg says, the man gets along without any trouble whatever.—*Boston Transcript.*

And Neither Succeeds Invariably.

The Indian puts himself in war paint to terrify his enemies. The woman of fashion puts herself in war paint to charm her friends. At this advanced stage of civilization neither device is particularly successful.

AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONI

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

RULE YOUR OWN SPIRIT.

BY EMILY S. BOUTON.

"I will never do it again. Never!"

She had said it a thousand times before with just as firm a spirit of determination as now, with just as clear a consciousness of the right, with just as full a recognition of the consequences of the failure in carrying out her resolution, and yet each time she had yielded to the tempest of feeling that had swept over her, and then, when it was too late, repented bitterly.

This was the trouble: She was born into a home from which all hope of children had departed. To the parents she seemed a gift direct from heaven, in which there could be no shadow of guile. The doctrine of total depravity, even had it hitherto been a cardinal part of their belief, would have no weight with them in her case. She was never denied anything from her cradle upward, that it was possible to procure, until she came to feel that to ask was to be given as a right. She was far from being an angel in the beginning. Not that she was a peculiarly brilliant example of early and innate wickedness, but stronger passions than ordinary were a part of her nature and they grew and strengthened with her growth. Opposition aroused in her a storm of anger that would sweep her beyond all bounds of reason. She was never controlled, for when small the very violence of her emotions were a source of amusement to those around her, who looked on and wondered that so tiny a creature could possess so tempestuous a spirit, while her father and mother, who should have compelled her to learn to hold herself in subjection, coaxed and entreated, but never rebuked.

She grew up a bright and beautiful girl to whom contact with the world taught a degree of outward self-control. Warm hearted, passionately loving to her friends, winning good will wherever she chose, few knew what volcanic fire lay in the depths of her nature ready to burst out at unexpected moments and at what seemed slight provocation.

Most of you can think of some one of a like temperament and similar training, for they are by no means rare, the more is the pity.

Grown into womanhood, intelligent and attractive, she won the love of a strong, self-contained man, whom she learned to love in return devotedly. During the courtship and engagement they met but rarely, for his home was at a considerable distance from her own, and he was a business man. It chanced that he never saw her temper aroused, and this phase of her character was a dead letter to his consciousness. He only thought of her as a being full of the richest promise for a noble woman, a true wife.

They were married. It was not for weeks which grew into months that anything occurred to arouse the sleeping tiger in her nature, and when it did come, it seemed the merest trifle to cause such an outburst. His look of shocked surprise, followed by what appeared like silent contempt, was almost more than she could bear, and she resolved nothing like that should ever occur again. And he forgave her, but his was not a nature to forget, and the beauty and holiness with which he had invested her as his ideal love was touched and blackened by that one hour in which she had lost herself control.

The very consciousness on her part that this was so, that she could never quite regain the place in his esteem which she had lost, half maddened her at times, but, strange as it may seem, did not prevent a like occurrence again and again. As time wore on, she saw him going farther and farther away from her, growing colder and colder with every year that passed, until his passionate love seemed an utterly dead thing, a loathsome weight which he carried around with infinite patience. He was always kind, never after the first, uttered a harsh word, but his utter silence struck her with all the force of a well aimed blow.

Her anguish was terrible. There were times when life was well nigh insupportable, and yet, strange as it may appear, her very grief intensified her failing. When she saw what she valued more than life slipping away from her hold, the desperation of despair came upon her, and she hurled bitter words at him without a shadow of reason.

Of course he did not understand her. What man ever yet sounded the winding depths of a woman's nature? How could he know that the very intensity of her love for him only made her infirmity worse, that when she was saying the bitterest things and those hardest to forgive, when she seemed animated by the very demon of hatred towards him, even then, underneath it all, below the tempest that swept every thing before it, her heart was crying out in agony for his lost affection! How could he for one moment believe that she could outrage everything he held sacred, and yet hold him in such respect that the knowledge that he despised her spurred her on, in her despair, to added insults!

With a man of a different nature, it is possible that her life might have had a different outcome. Had he stormed back at her or forced her to fear him, could he have said as did Petruchio to Kate:

"For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates,"

he might, perhaps, have taught or compelled her to some degree of self-control, and comparative happiness finally been the result.

When I came to know her the end had come. He had proposed a separation and she had consented. There were no children whose future was to be consulted; they had only to fear what the world would say, and neither held that in sufficient respect to keep them from doing what they deemed best. I never saw a woman so utterly prostrated, nor one who suffered more, but it was entirely because of the loss of her husband and not, in any sense, the wound to her pride. She said no word of remonstrance, expressed nothing of her feelings in his presence. The time was past for that. He would not have believed her if she had. She had worn away his confidence in her womanly character, and he had ceased to regard her in any other light than as one who had been his wife, and proved herself unworthy by her utter failure to govern herself in spirit or action.

She told me her own story.

"If mothers only realized what bitterness passing that of death," she said to me one day, "is sure to come to the child that is not taught self-control in early life, they would make it the one end and aim of their teachings. I remember now how they used to laugh at my childish ebullitions of temper, without making the slightest attempt to check them, or prevent their recurrence. As a consequence, I have wrecked my own life and that of another, for though I know my husband no longer loves me, he is far from being happy. And I—oh! how can I bear all the dreary years yet to come!"

I thought as I watched her agonized face while she told me what I have related to you, that her burden of punishment was indeed a heavy one, and I wondered if her parents, then passed into another life, had found ready forgiveness for their utter failure to discharge the duty their love-begotten child had brought for their doing.

You think a grown woman ought to have had self-control enough and strength of character to govern herself, say you?

That is true, but she did not. The habit of giving away to her temper was as strong as that which makes a vigorous man yield to the temptation to take a glass of that which he knows will, for a time, destroy his reason, and it was just as unrelenting in its power over her. If everybody could realize how each repetition of an indulgence of any kind clinched its hold upon body and mind, the world wouldbe the better, but too many, alas! are like this unhappy wife and wreck their lives irretrievably.

Yes, she is still living, her life unsheltered by the love which was so great a part of her very existence. The friends believed for a time that they would surely come together again, but the fires of his affection for her had gone utterly out upon its altar, and could not be rekindled. He is a bitterly disappointed man, but he wears an impenetrable front to the world, which wonders and wonders again at their prolonged separation.

I have recalled this story, because lately its full meaning has been so strongly borne in upon me again. Trifles, light as air, so often assume hideous proportions until they have done a grievous work, and then they vanish into nothingness. If discord once gains a foothold in the home, it is passing difficult to dislodge him, and render the atmosphere as serene and sweet as before he entered.

I remember reading the words of an old man in regard to his married life, which had extended far beyond the bounds usually accorded to such unions even when they begin early and last till broken by death. As nearly as I can remember they were like this:

"When Betsey and me concluded to join hands for life, we agreed never to speak when we were mad at each other, and we found that rule worked well. When I saw the danger signal flying—I knew her so well that I could see it when other people couldn't—I just let her alone, and she did the same by me. That helped us to hold on to ourselves, and not say things to each other that we'd be sorry for. People can't help getting riled up sometimes, ever toward those they love best in the worldn but they can keep from saying ugly things, which they don't half mean, and which rankle in the heart of the one they're spoken to long after them that says them have fo gotten all about the whole thing."

The old man and his wife Betsey were wise beyond the majority, as the happy life they had lived together, proved indisputably.

I remember one, a near and dear friend of my own, who was possessed of all the gifts which Nature lavishes upon her noblemen, kind and generous to a fault, but with the single defect of a quick temper, of which he was not in youth taught to obtain the mastery, and which in later years, often dominated him for a brief season, and he would say things that would cause him bitter regret. Knowing and intensely regretting his infirmity, he tried in after years to overcome it, but it was like undertaking to throttle a giant. I have many times seen him seize his hat hastily and without a word to any one, walk out of doors and away as if some matter of vital importance was to be attended to upon the instant. I came to know that at such times something had occurred to irritate him, and he had gone forth alone to struggle with his evil spirit, lest it should get the better of him and make him utter words of which he would be ashamed. Usually, a rapid walk around two or three squares would bring him back in his usual good humor.

Much of the power to conquer oneself comes from the very desire and determination to do it. A lukewarm regret for your failing, or the hedging about of yourself with the conviction that it is impossible, will be certain to result in failure. And whoever indulges in passionate words to loved ones will find that they are those

"That die not, but endure with pain,"

for even though they seem to have passed away, they rise up and confront the one who utters them at an hour when they will bring the greatest suffering.

I wish young mothers everywhere could feel the absolute importance of teaching their children to obtain the mastery over their own spirits. It is not only one of the elements of success in life, but it is the strongest factor in producing happiness. The influence of one who commands himself is tenfold greater than that of the person who is easily irritated and thrown off of his balance. Wrong will sometimes be made to seem nearer right than the right itself, simply because it asserted itself calmly in the face of an excited and angry protest. Innocent people have been caused to appear guilty because of their failure to hold themselves under control. If you stop to think of it, you can, each and all, recall instances in your own lives when a failure to repress anger has brought disastrous consequences. In all that you do, remember, then, this one thing: That he who rules his own spirit is mightier than kings.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Table Scarf.—For those who do not paint or embroider a very pretty one can be made in this way: Take a strip of olive green or whatever colored felt is most desirable, pink the sides, and then cut each end in deep points. Between the points sew small bright colored tassels of chenille or any fancy pendant ornaments of old gold or light blue. Applique on scrolls cut out of crimson plush or of felt, and outline the edges with tinsel. Instead of the scrolls, overlapping circles are pretty, or well shaped leaves. If the circles are used cut out the centers leaving only a narrow rim.

Another very handsome one may be made of black satin with an all over pattern done with two shades of tinsel The effect is exceedingly brilliant.

A great deal of embroidery is done upon unbleached sheeting. Portieres are made of it, and though it requires a great deal of work, the result is good.

Floor Cushions.—The following has been given before but in answer to a question is here repeated: A very pretty present for a housekeeper are the convenient floor cushions for the feet, or to sit down upon before low book shelves, etc. These may be made by selecting a square piece of oilcloth for the upper surface of the cover, and basting upon it a strip of velveteen or cloth of a bright color upon which is traced a bold pattern of ivy leaves, begonia or vine leaves. Chainstitch the outlines and veining, then cut away the surface by stitching, more careful not to cut too close. This forms the top. The under part of the cushion cover may be made of fashion drapery, cretonne, or any other of the numerous cheap materials that can be purchased now. The cushion itself must of course be made of some strong material, and may be stuffed with feathers or hair. A pretty cord around the edge makes a nice finish.—The materials may be varied according to the pleasure of the worker. Cretonne of the very best texture and color, with the figures outlined with pretty silks will make good covers, or Turkish satin. For summer use the gay striped linen will make serviceable ones. These cushions are so convenient for use upon the steps of the piazza, etc., during the warm weather.—Ed.

Working Flowers on Cloth.—For the benefit of Mrs. G. W. Jones and others, I will tell how I make flowers on cloth. Say you are going to make rose vine. Lay out your vine, stalk, stems, leaves and all, on the wrong side with chalk. Then take green silk floss and stitch in every chalk mark. The vine would look better with two rows. Be sure and put one row of stitching in the middle of each leaf. Then turn over and fill up your leaves on the right side. Now take the large end of your thimble and lay down where you want your rose; then make a chalk mark around it. Next, take yellow silk floss and fill the inside full of stitches. If you want your rose to look extra nice go over the stitches two or three times to make them look prominent. Take the chalk mark between your left thumb and forefinger and hold your needle in your right hand; thread it with red or pink floss; put the floss in double; then stick your needle down at the outside of the chalk mark and let it come up toward you, close up to the yellow. Pull the needle out with the point toward you and let the floss slip through your left thumb and forefinger; draw it down until it is just the size you want. Then go all around the mark, and be sure to pull it down alike all around. Some flowers would require white in the middle. You can use crewel, but it is not as nice. Do not send for sample, as it would cost too much.—Mrs. B. Burgess, Woodhull, Ill.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and sl, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—ch, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, shell crochet.

Pretty Oak Leaf Lace.—Cast on 14 stitches, knit across plain; 1st row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 2—o 2—n—o 2—n k 1; 2nd row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 3—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1; 3d row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 4—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 1—n; 4th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 5—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1; 5th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 6—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 1; 6th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 7—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1; 7th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—k—rest plain; 8th row—bind off 6—k 7—o—n—k 1—o—n——k 1. Repeat.

Clover Leaf Edge.—Cast on 10 stitches, knit across plain; 1st row—k 2—o—n—k 1—o 2—n—k 3; 2nd row—k 5—p 1—k 2—o—n—k 1; 3rd row—k 2—o—n—k—rest plain; 4th row—k plain to the last 3, then o—n—k 7; 5th row—k 2—o—n—k 1—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 2; 6th row—k 4—p 1—k2—p 1—k 2—o—n—k 1; 7th row—k 2—o—n—rest plain; 8th row—bind off 3—k 6—o—n—k 1. Begin at first row again.—Mrs. I. N.

Crocheted Turkish Cap (for Child.)—Materials—One-half skein each of red and blue Scotch yarn, or all one shade may be used. Steel hook No. 1. The stitch is double crochet, the hook being put through both stitches of the chain at once. The work is done in rows, and each stripe has six rows of the same color (when two shades are used). With blue first make a chain of 4 stitches, join and work 12 double crochet into the loop. 2d row—2 stitches into each stitch. 3d row—2 stitches in every other stitch. 4th row—2 stitches into every third stitch. 5th row—The same. 7th row—Now with red increase 4 stitches in each row. Increase very gradually henceforth, keeping a pointed shape for 6 stripes, ending with red and beginning with blue; there should then be 63 stitches. The rest of the cap can be of any shade of blue and the stitch increased. The 14th stripe is red. Then turn cap round and work the other way round for the turn over in blue for 32 rows. Turn up half of this length and iron flat. Finish the pointed part with a tassel, as I said before; if preferred, the cap may be of one shade of Scotch yarn. Work tight.—Housekeeper.

Correspondence.

WAITING AT HOME.

Whenever I see a person pass by,
Traveling the highway o'er,
I think at their home, where'er it may be,
There's some one waits at the door.

So anxiously waiting, all the long day,
They watch through the twilight gloom,
And hark to each sound, and each sight they may see,
To know if they are yet coming home.

The minutes seem long, tho' time hastens away,
When loved ones are absent from home,
In vain, though you'll strive, you'll watch and you'll wait
And long for the absent to come.

And this, my dear friend, tho' short be your story,
Remember, wherever you roam,
It is your own fault, if, be it the truth,
There's no one waiting at home.
—Lillie Walls Stansbury, Penrock, Ohio.

Northern California.—The members of the Household will ever sing the beauty of Southern California, its delightful climate, exquisite blossoms and delicious fruits. But few know anything of the northern coast counties or have heard of their fertile valleys, surrounded by grand mountains, rich in timber and pasture. It has been the policy of the people living here to keep the outside world in ignorance of the wonderful resources of this part of the state, for sheep raising has been the chief source of profit, and, of course, the fewer the inhabitants the larger the ranges. But hundreds are into the state every week, and very soon this sparsely-settled region will be invaded by the multitude of home-seekers. Nowhere can individual tastes be better satisfied than here, for in the valleys we find a rich deep soil, producing grain and fruit on the foot hills of vineyards, and in the finest timber and immense pastures of clover, oats and bunch grass. The climate in the lowlands is almost as mild in the winter as that of Florida, while the summers are healthy and pleasant. In the mountains the snow seldom falls more than a few inches, and when I tell you that cattle and sheep live the entire year on the ranges with no other shelter than that afforded by the giant live oaks, and no food except that furnished by nature, you will know that the weather cannot be very severe. The winter of '85 and '86 was so mild that ice formed only three or four times, but last winter the cold wave visited us, as well as the rest of the world. The only draw back to our prosperity is the want of means of transportation, and this will soon be remedied, for two railroads are surveyed, and will probably be completed in a year or two. The wool raised in the country is of the best quality, and a woolen mill would be one of the most profitable investments. It seems strange that with a population of several million there is not a carpet factory west of the Rocky mountains, for carpets would not be freighted two or three thousand miles, while our wool is sent east for manufacture.

I shall never forget the morning we came into this valley. We had been traveling over the mountains for days until their very grandeur had become monotonous. Suddenly we turned in the road and came to our eyes a view of the beautiful valley as it lay asleep under the warm September sun, level as a floor watered by streams, and dotted thickly with groves of oak, ash and cottonwood. A lane ten miles long crossed it from north to south and passed through a village half-hidden under the shade of locust and poplar. In the mountains game is abundant, the water cold and pure, the soil well adapted to the growth of fruits, berries, vegetable and clover, and the air, fragrant with the breath of pine and fir is a balm to the weary and tired nerves. But I cannot tell you of the beauties and wonders of this land in the short space allowed by the Household, I hope that some of you will some day see and enjoy it as I do.—Maia.

Teaching Boys To Do Housework.—As I have boys and no girls, I always read anything on this subject with much interest, and any new idea that will help me to teach my boys to become more useful about the house, is always thankfully received. I have learned, however, that boys do not take to the work as ducks do to water, but rather have a natural aversion to it, and to overcome this dislike will employ both tact and skill. To show you how well I am succeeding in this branch of education, I must tell you how my boy scrubbed the stone walks. Now my way of scrubbing walks and porches is to use my watering can and the work can be done well with less water than any other way. This method being understood in the family, and so I just said, "Byron, go and scrub the walks." In a little while I saw him rolling a barrel down to the spring that was lying in the back yard, got the large funnel and began filling it with water. I, supposing he intended to rinse it out, said nothing. He then undertook to roll it to the front steps, pull out the bung and commenced scrubbing, while a stream of water ran down the walk from the barrel. When done, he turned the barrel down the other walk and scrubbed it, then he rolled it into the back yard again. It is needless to say that the walks were clean but by using two or three times as much water and labor as was necessary, and this is one of the things I have to contend with, that of combatting the boys' ideas of doing woman's work so called. Their way of taking hold of things at the wrong end is often annoying, but still I am not discouraged, and shall continue to teach them all the same as if they "were to the manner born."

I will say to "Bachelor Bill" (not Buffalo Bill as I came near writing) if I were a young lady situated pleasantly in the East and had to choose between being an old maid or go West in search of a husband to a land where droughts, destructive tornados and prairie fires, waterspouts, blizzards, grasshoppers, locusts, hot winds, gophers, wolves, bears, rattlesnakes and Indians are fashionable, for the privilege of darning old socks, sewing on buttons, etc., burning hay when the thermometer is 60 degrees below zero and living in a dugouts I believe I should choose the former. Of course these "are stories of long ago, and do not affect the present age." Great West where news are so scarce as to necessitate one to publish such "tales" just to fill up my paper to scare Eastern people and amuse the Dakotains. There is no mistake but that "life is real" and down right "earnest" out yonder.

I take great pleasure in arising and making my prettiest bow (at this late hour) to "Young Farmeress," Pleasant Hill, Iowa, for her kindly "Hurrah for Julia Jaybird." May she live long and prosper, and get her hand down deep into her John's pocket every time she needs money and not feel "humiliated" either. Can we not hear something wise from "Practical," and how she is getting along with that stingy husband of hers, and if he has reformed, and has become as liberal as Josiah Jaybird is to his Julia? Will come again if this escapes the waste basket. —Julia Jaybird, New Springfield, O.

Keeping Company.—I wish to offer my warmest thanks to Miss Bouton for her wise words in the Blade, sometime in the spring, on the subject of "Keeping Company." They should be read and heeded by every girl in the land. The thoughtless young lady, whose attack upon Dr. E. called forth the article referred to, has much to learn in this world. I am unable to learn how any one of spirit or modesty could put herself in such a position as followers of that custom occupy. My daughters were astonished that such a thing was ever done. They had never even heard of such a proceeding. Young ladies in their station in society receive gentlemen friends in the day or early evening, and in a room common to all the family.

I am glad Mary succeeded so well in training John. I always treat my John about the same as she does hers when anything ails him, but he lets me entirely alone when I am sick, but it does not trouble me any. I think it is very silly for wives to fret and worry because Tom, Dick and Harry do not come and make as much fuss as he was before marriage. If a man is busily engaged in a profession or business, he has something else to think of. A man's work does not always keep him thinking of his family as a woman's does. If he has no bad habits and provides well for their wants, I think that is enough.

Perhaps some dyspeptic sufferer may like to know how I cured myself of that disease. In my case it was caused by over work on a farm. First we stopped farming and moved to town, and I found out the meaning of the word "rest" for the first time in thirteen years. John embarked in mercantile business by the day and makes more in a week than he did in a month on the farm, and easier, but the cure. Next I saw the hot water cure recommended in the Blade, and tried it and nothing more, except care in diet. In case any one has forgotten the *modus operandi* I will say that it consists in taking a cup of hot water half an hour before meals. I put a pinch of salt and soda in it. The water must be hot, not warm.

Will some one tell me what will cure rheumatism in my right arm?—Mrs. A.

Inquiries.

Can any of the readers tell me what will remove rust from knives?—A. E. Byers.

Will some of the Blade readers please give a recipe for fruit cake?—Emily R. Mershon.

Will "E. C." please tell me where I can get the seed of the Mexican vine or Kentucky hunter?—A Reader.

"E. S. H."—If you will look through your pattern of Shell Edge Diamond Lace, given in Toledo Blade of July 14, you will see that rows 9 and 10 are missing; also in 7th row, where it reads o—n—k 3—n—o—k 3. I can only make it come right by leaving out one "n." Please send correction and the two missing rows.—H. P. H.

I remember of reading somewhere—I think in the Blade—a long time ago a recipe for removing mildew from clothes, given by an invalid lady who often had mildewed clothes, because sometimes unable to from them after they had been washed. If any reader has the recipe, will she kindly send it to the Household department?—Mrs. Y.

Will the person recommending wandering milk weed for the blood please send a description of it to the Blade and also tell what part of it to use and how much to use? There are all kinds of milk weed growing here and I was under the impression that one or more of them was poison. Please describe the kind referred to as accurately as possible?—Mrs. I. B., Charlton, Iowa.

Will some kind reader please inform me through the Household, what they know about the common mullein made into tea, as a remedy for weak lungs. Also when is the proper time for gathering it?—Hopeful.

Will some one describe something for a fair or evening supper, something that could be given with profit to the society and at the same time give pleasure to the purchaser?—A Subscriber.

For a number of years our tomatoes have been almost a complete failure, the cause being something similar to mold or dry rot. There will a black spot appear on the top of the tomato before it is half grown, and will in time go entirely through. Now I should like to know the cause and be very glad if any one can give a remedy for the same.—A Constant Reader.

Answers to Inquiries.

Will some member of the Household department please tell me how to wash a white silk scarf, so that it will not soil it? I will be greatly obliged for the information.—Roxy Pearl.

Make a strong suds with Ivory soap and warm water. Let it soak for a half hour. Unless there are spots that require rubbing, simply dip it up and down, and then rinse it two or three times in cold water. If the scarf is soiled with perspiration, you may have to use ammonia in the water also. That depends upon how dirty it is. Something also depends upon the kind of silk. There are those that it is impossible to wash in any way and have them look well.—Ed.

My nose is nearly covered with tiny red veins which give it a red, ugly appearance. Please give me a remedy in the Household if you can.—Nellie.

Tight lacing will produce it, or confirmed indigestion. You can only do away with it by removing the cause, whatever it may be. A good thing for you to do is to get "Health and Beauty" from the Locke Publishing company, Toledo, O., which only costs $1, and follow out the the directions you will find there for gaining and preserving health, and in that way you will look young. You will have to be patient, for as the trouble has been some time in coming on, it will take time to cure it.—Ed.

Can any one tell me what will make hair light in color, or keep it as light as it now is, without injuring hair?—Brown Eyes.

Wash your hair at least once a week with powdered borax and warm water, rinsing it thoroughly, and then using no oil upon it at any time. Or put a little ammonia in the water, say a teaspoonful to a quart of water. Neither of these things will injure the hair, unless carelessness as to quantity of ammonia should creep in.—Ed.

Will you have the kindness to tell me through the next Blade, or as soon as may be convenient, what would be a suitable covering for the floors of the halls of a pretty, unpretentious village home. Nothing expensive can be afforded and something suitable for all seasons is desired. I had thought myself of burlaps with a strip of the stair carpet through the center of the hall. Do burlaps ever come in colors?—Mrs. T.

Your idea is a very good one. Instead of the burlap—which I have never heard of in colors—you might use the filling which comes for the purpose, and can be had in dark colors. It is also quite inexpensive.—Ed.

Recipes.

Ice Cream, (Lemon and Vanilla).—One qt of cream, 1 pt of milk, 1½ cupfuls of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of lemon or vanilla. Heat the cream to a froth; stir in the milk and sugar thoroughly; put in flavor; freeze and pack for two hours.

Peach Ice Cream.—As it is almost peach time, some of the Household may like the following: Cut one dozen peaches which have been nicely pared into small pieces, and boil them with ½ lb of loaf sugar down to a marmalade which must then be pressed through a fine sieve. When cool, add 1 pt of nice cream, and if desired, a few drops of cochineal to give a deeper peach color. Freeze. When served, put halves of peaches around the edge of dish upon which the cream is placed.—Ed.

Salads.—The following salads are given by Catharine Owens, in the *New York Mail and Express*:

Orange Salad.—The tart early oranges are excellent for the purpose of salad, which is excellent for breakfast and at dinner is passed with game. Rub the rind of 2 oranges with a small teaspoonful of salt until it is yellow—the salt, I mean; peel 6 oranges, then cut them in slices across with a sharp knife, rejecting the first and last slices. Arrange on a dish 8 tablespoonfuls of oil and 1 of vinegar, add the sixth of a teaspoonful of pepper; when well mixed lay the orange slices neatly on a dish and pour the dressing over them by tablespoonfuls. You can not toss them as other salad without spoiling the slices.

Apple Salad.—Apples and peaches are nice salads, simply peeled, cut and dressed with the usual French dressing; but fruits so excellent in their original condition will generally be considered a sacrifice in salad. Yet there are times when we may have a supply of fruit not perfect in flavor, when the salad idea would be a welcome one.

Of sweet-fruit salads, few are more delicious than raspberry, the fruit that more than any other seems to need a syrup or dressing to bring out its delicious flavor.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

Wisbuno, Ind. Mary Bailey Nellie May Faurot
Richard Fewing Lewis Dufford Ralph Talbot
Carl Weed, Kas. Junkwurth, Kas. Ira Oliver
Stephen Dufford Ethel P. Faurot Milton A. Briggs
Tom Bailey Sarah W. Briggs Mary A Oliver
Names this week, 12. Total, 30362.

The above embraces all names received up to July 21.

EDDY'S TREASURE.

I've got somethin white and warm!
Nobody don't know I've got it.
Doin upstairs to show mamma
What I've got here in my pottet.

Biddy laid it in the barn,
Hark she's cackin' now about it,
Tellin' all the other hens;
But she'll have to do without it.

Cause my mamma wants dat egg,
Make a pie, or else a puddin'—
Cookies, maybe!—oh, I know
Lots of things dat eggs are good in.

'Tis a real beauty egg!
You may see it dess a minute.
Dear! sat ails my pottet now?
Somethin wet and sticky in it.

Oh, dear me! what shall I do?
Dat's all broke right in my pottet!
Wish dat aitty, cackin hen
Make it stronger while she's 'bout it.
—*Youth's Companion.*

THE WOUNDED WREN.

A little child this morning found
A wounded birdie on the ground.

Blood-stained its side, the little thing
Lay helpless with a broken wing.

And when the birdie tried to rise
Great tears filled up the child's blue eyes.

Cried she, "Oh, must the birdie die?
Can we not help it, you and I?"

"Yes, darling," and the mother sighed
And pressed her treasure to her side.

"It's wing we'll mend, its pain assuage,
But we must lock it in a cage."

"Yes, we may help it, though the Wren
Will never fly as high again."

LOST ON THE MOUNTAIN.

MARIE B. WILLIAMS.

There had been much chaffing among the guests of the Galbraith Hotel, in East Tennessee, about the ascent of Mount Short. The mountain frowned down on us, perpendicular, precipitous, destitute of paths, and clothed with trees and shrubs to the top, so that the climber might easily be led astray, and lost on the summit. It was not an isolated peak, but only the highest point on a mountain ridge which stretched indefinitely eastward.

The hotel guests, with stories in their minds of people wandering in the mountains all night, and having their friends in the valley hunting for them with torches, and making night hideous with horn-blowing and shouts, determined that it was safest to make the ascent in large parties.

"You'll join us, won't you?" said my friend, Capt. W——, to me. "About ten of us are going up, and, it's clear this morning, we shall see a fine view. We're going to take a lunch up there, and not come down until evening."

"It's utterly impossible for me to go this morning," I said. "I'll join you this afternoon.

"If you can find us," he laughed. "There are twenty ways of climbing up, and how do you know you'll hit upon the one we choose. Up there it is a trackless forest, and unless you happen to come directly upon us you'll be lost, sure."

"I'll risk it," I answered. "I suppose people can always scramble down a mountain, if they don't happen to go up in the usual track."

"You're very much mistaken. The coming down is more dangerous than the going up; and, in fact, when you're lost, you don't know whether you are ascending or descending. I've climbed the mountain myself, so you'd better take my advice, and join our party.

But that I did not intend doing. Nothing to me was more wearisome than the small talk in which people with diverse tastes, in search of the picturesque are sure to indulge. I presume I am not an unsocial being, but the solitude of the hills has been spent in solitary communings with nature, and from the force of old habit, an inappropriate word, or even look, will destroy my enjoyment of the most beautiful landscape.

I, however, thought that if I was to go up the mountain alone, and get my impressions of it undisturbed until I reached the summit, I might afford to descend it with my gay friends. I should have had my own secret hour of perfect enjoyment, which nothing could mar.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, therefore, I commenced the ascent. It was fatiguing and very tedious, as I stopped on every projecting ledge of rock to view of the valley. But, to my surprise, I found it was completely hidden by the masses of foliage around me

But the flora of the mountain was beautiful. The soft, green tendrils of the maiden's-hair fern trailed over the ground, and hung in festoons over the great gray rocks of bloom. Lichens in the most delicate choice specimens of the broad fronds of another fern, I presume I must have lost at least an hour, if not more, and strayed far, not from the path, for there was none, but from the direction I had been instructed to take.

I lost all care for the beauties of nature when I looked at my watch and saw how I had lingered on the way. When I reached the summit, the sun was sinking, and my heart sank too, for in that wilderness how could I hope to find my friends?

They had told me they would be near the tall pine, a landmark for miles around. As I reached the summit, I looked for a sight or glimpse of it, but, now that I had reached the level, it was no longer visible among the other trees.

I walked as rapidly as I could in the direction I thought it might be, shouting aloud at every step, but bowlders and underbrush arrested me at every turn. Exhausted, I paused, and tried to collect my thoughts.

It was now nearly 6 o'clock, and my friends must have given me up and descended, and we must have missed each other on the way.

The only thing left for me to do was to get down as quickly as I could, and before nightfall if possible.

I knew it was impossible to follow the course I had taken in coming up, but I fancied that I could certainly make my way down anywhere, so I found myself a long distance from the hotel.

I had gone fifty yards when I reached a deep gulch that yawned at my feet. I tried another course, but immense bowlders and fissures presented themselves as obstacles. With a sinking heart I saw the evening mists rising slowly from the ground, shrouding the trees and rocks with their thick, dark veil.

I have always heard that people who lose themselves also lose their senses. I was no exception to the general rule, or I should not have fatigued myself by dashing about to right or left aimlessly. The utter silence and loneliness were so fearful up there that even the sound of my own footsteps was grateful to my ears.

I called out now and then, but there was no echo to my voice—it seemed to sink muffled in the ground. To add to my dismay, a long, deep roll of thunder shook the earth.

I knew by this time people were out seeking for me, but I knew, too, that I had wandered so far that the chances were slight that I would be found before morning, if then. I strained my ears to hear some distant sound, and, shaking at the foot of a tree, I uttered a scream after a scream.

Suddenly and noiselessly, as a being of the mist itself, a figure stood before me. It was almost sundown; and, in an opening, the form of a tall, slim girl, barefoot, and with a shawl tied over her head, stood out against the sky.

"Thank Heaven!" I cried, springing up. "I've been lost for hours. You can guide me from this terrible place."

"I kem to see dad and mam," she said, in a soft, monotonous voice; "but the mounting got wrapped up in a fog, and I sorter got lost over yander in the gorge. When you called out, I thought maybe it was them a-wantin' me. But it ain't," she ended with a heavy sigh.

"Do your parents live near here?" I asked. "Do take me to them, and if it is too late for me to return to the hotel, perhaps they will lodge me to-night. I am drenched by the fog, and I feel ill."

She paused a long time, and impatient as I was, the strange look in her great solemn eyes gave me a queer sensation.

"You can't see 'em," she said. "They lives way up the mounting, under the big bowlders, and they has no fire to warm you. They don't want no strangers round."

"But surely you've not going to leave me here." I was getting frightened at the girl's strange ways. "Take me where you live, and I will pay any one well who will guide me home."

"I lives down yander, with Auntie Becker," she said, pointing through the mist.

"Well, take me to Auntie Becker, or anywhere," I cried, thoroughly unnerved.

I was so distressed at my own situation, that I paid no attention to the singularity of the girl's parents choosing the top of a bleak mountain for a habitation, and living under the bowlders, as she said. This mountain girl seemed to me rather idiotic.

But she told me to follow her, and steered her way through the stones and fog with a celerity and ease that were marvellous. I kept close to her, and sometimes when the outlines of her figure became indistinguishable in the fog and gathering darkness, I would call to her to stop. She did so silently, but it was impossible to engage her in conversation.

All my questions but one met with that blank silence. It happened to remark that her parents must find it very cold in the winter, and she laughed derisively.

"Taint cold on the mounting when you has piles of leaves and straw fur a kiver, and light wood knots fur build a fire. I kindles 'em, and we has rousin' fires when I goes up the mounting to keep company with dad and mam. That's Auntie Becker's now."

A blessed sense of relief came to me when I saw a bright light streaming out, some little distance below us, and I at the same time gave little attention to the girl's strange words. The maid of the mist had proved safe guide after all. We reached a clearing, and then found ourselves before a small cottage.

The door was open, and a tall, gaunt woman stepped out hurriedly to meet us.

"Be that you, Mandy?" she cried. "I was gittin' that uneasy that I calk'lated goin' up the mounting fer hunt you. Massy sakes! who has you got that?"

Finding that Mandy, preserving her stolid silence, had stepped into the house, I made all necessary explanations.

"Come right in and set down," said Mrs. Becker, hospitably. "Take this cheer by the fire, and dry yerself. Well, well! come from Galbraith's, did yer, and got lost? Why, Galbraith's way on t'other side the mounting, a good five mile from here. You must hev got turned round considerable. And Mandy brunged you straight, did she? Well, that's quare."

"Why is it queer?" I asked, looking at Mandy, who stood at some distance from us, with her hands clasped, gazing intently at an old-fashioned spinning wheel. The woman signed, and touched her own forehead.

"She's tetched t'har," she said in a low voice. "Jes' as likely as not she'd hev left yer on the mounting. She's that aggrevatin' when the fit's on her yer can't calk'late on nothin'."

She said she had gone up there to see her parents.

"Pore critter! They both died nigh on ter three year ago, with tyrhoid fever. It was their last wish ter be buried on the mounting, fur my brother Stephen (her dad) had been borned and lived all his life on this here mounting farm. It's Mandy's now, and I lives here ter tek care of her."

"But the girl is not your daughter?"

"Well, she cried and went on awful arter her dad and mam died, and then she tuck a sickness they calls meningity. She was plum crazy when she got well, and I tuck her ter a great mad doctor in Knoxville. It 'peared ter me that I could git her away and come here, all the way on foot, by her lone self. Twicet I tried it, and twicet she done the same thing. Then they tolt me t'wan't no use ter tek her from here. She's bound ter see the mounting all the time, and she gits mad and ravin' away from it."

"But don't you feel uneasy sometimes when she's wandering?" I asked.

"What's the use? Hopes couldn't hold her when she wants to go up the mounting, and she don't go nowhar else. She 'lows her dad and mam air up thar, and thet they comes and talks to her. But times 'tween the fits she's pearter than most gals, though she's always crazy. She'll spin on her mam's spinnin' wheel that air way, and sometimes all night, too. She's makin' ready ter go at it now. Well, anyhow, she ain't onhappy."

I looked at the tall, thin figure, the pale, pretty face, the large, gray eyes, with their restless, seeking look, and wondered if her pathetic delusions did not bring some comfort.

Mrs. Becker gave me supper and a comfortable bed, but, at intervals through the night I could hear the monotonous whirr of the spinning-wheel.

Bright and early the next morning, with Mandy for my guide, I started for Galbraith's.

"You'll tek you straight, till you gits to the valley," said Mrs. Becker, "but she ain't goin' to leave the mounting one step. You'll find yer way easy when you gits down thar."

Silently we descended. The sides of the ridge were broken into deep gullies, forcing us to take a kind of zigzag route, so it was some time before we reached the valley. When we came to the valley road, my guide stopped, pointed towards the west, saying, "Thar!" and sprang as nimbly as a goat up the r

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A FEW TESTIMONIALS.

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PAWNEE CITY, NEB., June 23, 1887.

Dear Sirs—I am ready to testify for your Catarrh Cure as being one for sure.
I am, yours truly, W. H. EDWARDS.

HAWKEYE, FAYETTE Co., IA., July 6, 1887.

Your medicine has CURED ME, and I thank you a thousand times.
MRS. G. H. ELLIOTT.

I have not been troubled with Catarrh since I used your "Sure Cure," in 1879. You are welcome to use my name, and I will answer all correspondence, if return postage is enclosed.
Yours, etc., internally, H. BOWMAN, Bloomingsburg, Ind.
December 31, 1[illegible]

OHIO, BUREAU Co., ILL., March 8, 1887.

YOUR MEDICINES CURED ME of a very bad case of Catarrh. I could not state all the benefit I received. It would cost you too much to print it.
Respectfully, FRED. ALBRECHT.

I commenced using your "Sure Cure" in January, 1884, and used five packages. Have not used any for two years. I am enjoying the best of health. Was in very poor health when I began using the "Sure Cure," and the doctors had given me up to die.
Respectfully, MRS. L. A. BOOHER, Stockton, Cedar Co., Mo.
December 25, 1886.

MISS MARIA CLARK, PACKWAUKEE, MARQUETTE Co., WIS., Nov. 26, 1885.
INDEED A WONDERFUL CASE AND A WONDERFUL CURE.

Miss Clark's peculiar case is well known in all that region of country, and her wonderful cure is especially vouched for by the entire families of
MR. and MRS. JOHN WILLIAMS, MR. and MRS. T. W. WHITSON,
MR. and MRS. JOHN WILLIAMSON, MRS. ANN MILES and
MISS A. E. REEVES,
Who have been her near neighbors for 28 years, and know how hopeless the case, and how complete the cure.

The following persons also sent testimonials which we must omit, for want of space. They are one and all glad of the opportunity to testify to the merits of our medicines, and will be pleased to answer all inquiries:
George Arsen, Newport, Orleans Co., Vermont.
C. W. Rock, Blissfield, Mich.
Mrs. Louisa Bolinger, Cherokee, Crawford Co., Kansas.
Tom. Childress, Cleburne, Texas.
A. B. French, Clyde, Sandusky Co., Ohio.

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

G. W. W., Decatur, Mich.: The treatment of the veterinary for the swollen glands in your horse after having distemper, was very proper. A horse 20 years old is not likely to recover as rapidly as a young one. From what you say we judge the bronchial tubes are somewhat affected, in addition to the other trouble. Present treatment should be, first, a cathartic, namely: Raw linseed oil, 16 ounces; oil of aniseed, 2 drachms; sweet spirits of niter, 2 ounces. After this has operated, give sulphate of iron, 1½ ounces; nitrate of potash, 1 ounce; fenugreek seed, 2 drachms; linseed meal, two ounces. Mix well, and give a tablespoonful morning and night in the feed. To relieve the throat, apply the following ointment down the course of the windpipe: Red iodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 1 ounce, thoroughly mixed. Next day apply lard or sweet oil to the part upon which the ointment has been rubbed, to keep the skin from cracking. Repeat the application of the ointment in one week. Feed plenty of green food, and give all the fresh water the animal will drink.

C. F. A., Pottsdam, N. Y.: For the filled leg (swelled) in your horse, take the following: Venice turpentine, 3 ounces; oil of juniper, 2 drachms; powdered resin, 9 ounces; nitre, 6 ounces; hard, dried soap, 6 ounces. Melt the soap, resin and Venice turpentine together, and when cooling stir in the juniper and nitre. For 24 boluses: One or two for a dose every other night. Give gentle exercise, keep the stall thoroughly clean, groom him well and give him half a drachm of citrate of iron and ammonia three times a day, either dissolved in the drinking water or sprinkled over the corn or oats.

W. M., Nebraska: For your one-year-old colt that sprained its hip, you must not expect a speedy cure, as it may take several months for the muscles around the joint to become strong again. Apply spirits of camphor, one ounce; vinegar, four ounces; water, one pint to the part affected. If you find much soreness rub this on the parts after using the above: Red iodide of mercury, one drachm; lard, two ounces. Rub in a piece the size of a hulled walnut every other day. On the alternate days wash the part with soap and water and rub on a little unsalted lard. Be patient, and we think your colt will come around all right, if no bones were broken. It is always best in such cases to secure the services of a veterinary.

Subscriber, Sater, P. O., I. T.: Your apple trees are attacked by the apple tree aphis, which sucks the juice out of the leaves. They may be destroyed by sprinkling the leaves with a strong solution of whale oil soap and tobacco water, or by the application of Persian Insect (pyrethrum) powder, after the sun goes down. The powder may be put in water—1 oz. to a gallon—stirred well and sprayed on the leaves, or it may be blown on the leaves dry with a small bellows. Of course these applications may be used on a larger scale, if necessary. The trouble is with pyrethrum, it is not always kept pure or fresh for sale. In absence of anything better soak tobacco in water and sprayed on the leaves will do good, but it is not as effective as when mixed with whale oil.

S. C., California, for the swelling that comes and goes on your horse's shoulders, rub daily with the following ointment: Iodine, 1 dr.; iodide of potash, 2 drs.; lard, 2 ozs. Also give ½ oz. of saltpetre in the drinking water twice a day for four or five days. Repeat the saltpetre in the course of eight or ten days after.

Wm. M., Mt. Clemens, Mich.: As you did not sign your full name to the postal you sent, we cannot answer your question. Perhaps you can find some information in reply to J. J. T., in this issue.

J. J. T., Montana: For the sore on your horse's shoulder foment the part with hot water with a little salt in it three or four times a day, and after each fomentation apply this pretty freely: Vinegar, 1 oz.; tannin, ½ oz; water, 1 qt. Mix. If there are scabs or bad spots on the sore, they must first be removed with a knife to make a fresh wound. No collar should be used until the wound or sore heals, unless it is so adjusted that it will not bear upon the sore.

J. F., Swanton, O.:—For the cough your horse has had since having the distemper, give prussic (hydrocianic) acid 40 drops; nitre one ounce; bicarbonate of soda, one ounce; water, one quart. This amount twice a day for four days. Rub the following along the throat and chest: Croton oil, one drachm; sulphuric ether, ten drachms. Mix. Use cobol, ten drachms. Apply with friction, but do not allow it to touch your hands. Before giving the above it would be well to administer a mild cathartic of linseed oil, as found in answer to G. W. W., Decatur, Mich.

J. M. L., Clear Creek, Ind.: Your horse seems to have chronic farcy, which is a dangerous disease, as it will communicate itself to other horses, and whether acute or chronic, it is as bad as glanders in its effect upon other horses. We cannot give a correct judgment from your letter, but think it is of the milder form, of which there is one chance out of a hundred that he may entirely recover. Touch all sores with lunar caustic, first washing them with carbolic acid and water, using 10 parts water to one of the former. The horse should be given daily five grains of arsenic and one drachm of nux vomica, as a drench in a pint of water. Do not allow any of the discharges to touch your hands or clothing. Keep the animal entirely removed from others. Give the above medicine for a week, then omit a week, and repeat for another week. If at the end of this time there is not a change for the better, you may feel assured that the horse will not get well. In all such cases a veterinary should be called to make personal examination to see precisely what condition the horse is in. It might be that he would advise you to have the animal shot at once. In many cases the death of the animal is only a question of time, and medicine can have no other effect than to prolong the life of the animal for awhile. The eyes of the horse are no doubt affected by the disease.

Rev. A. L. C., Orton—Your horse, we think, is suffering from button farcy. See answer to J. M. L., Clear Creek, Ind. We are of the opinion that you have a bad case of farcy to deal with. We give same advice to you as to him. See a veterinary at once, if there is one near you. If there is none, be very cautious, and treat the animal as recommended.

Origin and Advantages of Arbor Day.

"Arbor Day" originated in Lincoln, Neb., in the year 1872. The state board of Agriculture being in session, early in January, the Hon. J. Sterling Morton, on the 4th day of the month, introduced a resolution, and urged its adoption, whereby a day should be set apart each year for the planting. The resolution was adopted, and "Arbor Day" came into existence. It is now a legal holiday, and upon its annual return, April 22, the banks, public offices, and business houses close their doors. The schools suspend their usual routine, and the people all celebrate the day by planting something.

Arbor Day has given an impetus to tree planting, such as could not have been secured in any other way, and under its influence many a former barren spot is today a shady grove. In the capital city of the state, where I write, may be seen one of the most remarkable examples of its influence. Twenty years ago there was here an absolutely treeless plain; not a leaf was interposed between the summer's sun and the heated ground. To-day there are, by actual calculation, very nearly one million trees within the city limits, and as one now looks over the city, from some tall building, he sees little else than a great green forest. The dwellings are mostly hidden by the dense foliage, and only here and there a tower, or roof, or a chimney assures the observer that he is overlooking a city, and not a veritable forest.

The lesson which this sylvan city of the plains emphasizes, is that the prairies can be changed into forests. No one who has seen this great urban forest now asks whether trees will grow upon the plains. As an object lesson for the whole country, the capital city forest of Nebraska is worthy of careful consideration. What tree-planting has done here, and in hundreds of the smaller Nebraska towns, it may do for the towns and cities in other parts of the country.—*Prof. Charles E. Bessy, in American Agriculturist for August.*

Japanese Hop.

The new Japanese hop (Humulus Japonicus) is said to be one of the best plants known for covering screens, lattice work, etc. A correspondent of the *Garden* states excellences as follows: "Planted in good soil it makes an exceedingly rapid growth, and quickly covers a large space with its green foliage. Although well acquainted with all the plants of scarcely a fault suitable for covering the open air, I do not know of one that can equal it, taking robust habit and effective appearance into consideration. The leaves of the Japanese hop are not unlike those of the common hop, with which we are all familiar, but they are rather more deeply cut. It was very strongly recommended in the late fast year, and a few seed was comparatively expensive, I purchased two packets, one of which was sown in heat under glass and the other in the open air. The plants raised in the border made a very satisfactory growth, but they did not attain to such dimensions as those raised with the assistance of artificial heat. The seed was sown in pots in the usual way, and the plants were put singly in three-inch pots, and had the protection of a frame until the end of May. They were then planted out, the soil having previously received a liberal dressing of manure from an old hot-bed."

Farm Notes.

The Kansas wheat and oat crops will be short, but the yield of corn is estimated at 250,000,000 bushels.

A California vineyardist claims that he keeps his premises clear of rabbits and gophers with the assistance of cats.

A farm conducted by a pickling-house has 75 acres of horseradish growing in one spot in the vicinity of Pittsburg.

France imported, during the year 1886, 33,426,500 bushels of wheat, of which 11,068,000 bushels came from the United States.

Mulching is necessary, not only to hold moisture to the surface, but to retain moisture. In fact, plants and trees should be mulched with some coarse material, if watered through dry spells in the summer.

Many persons complain that they cannot grow good crisp radishes. The trouble is the land is too heavy and rich; a load of clear sand worked into ten to twelve feet square of ground will make good radish soil.

Purslane will now be a nuisance, and must be fought persistently. It grows very rapidly, and produces a large number of seeds. It may be utilized by being thrown to the hogs, which are very fond of it.

Green fodder should never be fed when wet with rain, as it frequently causes bloating which may be fatal. The supply of fodder should always be a day ahead in the barn, so as to avoid gathering it in the rain.

The horse-tick is common in southern woods and is a great pest to horses. It can be got rid of by rubbing carbolated vaseline well into the hair under the mane, on the throat, and wherever the creatures bury themselves in the skin.

One of the peculiar traits of the people of Siberia is, they buy their milk frozen, and for convenience it is allowed to freeze about a stick which comes as a handle to carry it by. The milkman leaves one chunck or two chuncks, as the case may be, at the houses of his customers.

Oats are commonly allowed to get fully ripe before they are harvested, whereas they should be cut while the straw yet shows somewhat green. Cut at this stage they are rarely lodged, and the feeding value of both grain and straw is greater.

The potato blight makes its appearance on the foliage of the potatoes about the latter part of July or first of August, and may be seen as very dark blotches on the under side of the vines, which are very black. They vary in size, and rapidly increase as the disease progresses

At this season, the farmer may have the best the land affords, in the shape of berries, milk and vegetables, fresh. If everybody understood how much better such products are when new and fresh, the farm accounts would figure differently on one side.

Elijah Smith of Bangor, Me., last year cut 300 tons of hay, and this year his crop will probably be even larger. He has kept the past year from 60 to 80 cows and 6 to 8 horses, and sold hay to the value of $2,000. During the haying season he employs about 20 men and uses three or four mowing machines.

The prevalence of insects and the recurring failure of the fruit crop from various causes will act as discouragements to further planting, and will even lead to the uprooting of many trees; but those who persevere to the end and take good care of their orchards shall have their reward.

A newly drained and plowed swamp will scarcely bear clover and timothy until the peat is decomposed and the soil is settled, because of the heaving of the land in the winter. Fibrous-rooted grasses should be chosen, as red-top, fowl meadow grass, and meadow fescue, and alsike clover is especially adapted for such soils.

In experiments to illustrate thick and thin planting one series was planted in drills three and one-half feet apart. In the first plot one kernel was dropped every foot; in the second two kernels were dropped every two feet, and in the third three kernels were dropped every three feet. In yield of grain and development of ears the last plot was the best and the first the poorest.

TALMAGE ON THE COMING FUTURE.

A Discourse Full of a Living Christ Instead of Didactic Technicalities—Brevity and Practicality to be the Leading Characteristics.

THE HAMPTONS, July 24.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's subject this morning was, "Preaching, Teaching, and Exhortation," and his text Romans xii., 7th and 8th verses: "Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation."

Before the world is converted the style of religious discourse will have to be converted. You might as well go into the modern Sedan or Gettysburg with bows and arrows instead of rifles and bombshells and parks of artillery, as to expect to conquer this world for God by the old styles of exhortations and sermonology. Jonathan Edwards preached the sermons most adapted to the age in which he lived, but if those sermons were republished as they would divide the audience into two classes, those who sound asleep and those wanting to go home.

But there is a religious discourse of the future—who will preach it I have no idea in what part of the earth it will be born I have no idea; in which denominations of Christians it will be delivered I cannot guess. That discourse of practicality may be in a mid-country meeting-house on the banks of the St. Lawrence, or the Oregon, or the Ohio, or the Tombigbee, or the Alabama. The person who shall deliver it may this moment be in a cradle under the shadow of the Sierra Nevadas, or in a New England farm-house, or amid the rice fields of Southern plantations. Or this moment there may be some young man in some of our theological seminaries, in the junior or middle or senior class, shaping that weapon of power. Or there may be coming some new baptism of the Holy Ghost on the churches, so that some of us who now stand in the watch towers of Zion, waking up to the realization of our present inefficiency may preach it ourselves. That coming discourse may not be 50 years off. And let us pray God that its arrival may be hastened, while I announce to you what I think will be the chief characteristics of that discourse or exhortation when it does arrive, and I want to make the remarks of the morning appropriate and suggestive to all classes of Christian workers.

First of all I remark that that future religious discourse will be full of a living Christ in contradistinction to didactic technicalities. A discourse may be full of Christ though hardly mentioning his name, and a sermon may be without Christ who every sentence is repetitious of his life. The world wants a living Christ, not a Christ standing at the head of a formal system of theology, but a Christ who means pardon and sympathy, and condolence, and brotherhood, and life, and heaven. A poor man's Christ, and a rich man's Christ. An overworked man's Christ. An invalid's Christ. A farmer's Christ. A merchant's Christ. An artisan's Christ. An every man's Christ.

A symmetrical and fine-worded system of theology is well enough for theological classes, but it has no more business in a pulpit than have the famous diagrams of an anatomist in a psychologist or a physician in the sick room of a patient. The world wants help, immediate and world-uplifting, and it will come through a discourse in which Christ shall walk right down into the immortal soul and take everlasting possession of it, filling it as full of light as is the noonday firmament. That sermon of exhortation of the future will not deal with men in the threadbare illustrations of Jesus Christ. In that coming address there will be instances of vicarious suffering taken right out of every day life, for there is not a day somebody is not doing for others. The policeman saving his dispatch, the engineer by sacrificing his own life; as the ship captain going down with his vessel, while he is getting his passengers into the life-boat; as the fireman consuming in the burning building while he is taking a child out of the fourth-story window; as in summer the strong swimmer at East Hampton, or Long Branch, or Cape May, or Lake George, himself perished trying to rescue the drowning; as a newspaper boy one summer, supporting his mother for some years, his invalid mother, when offered by a gentleman 50 cents to get some special paper, and he got, and rushed up in anxiety to deliver it, and was crushed under the wheels of the train, and lay on the grass with only strength enough to say: "Oh, what will become of my poor sick mother now?"

Vicarious suffering. The world is full of it. An engineer said to me on a locomotive in Delaware, "We often seem to be coming to better appreciation than we used to. Did you see that account the other day of an engineer who to save his passengers stuck to his place, and when he was found dead in the locomotive, which was upside down, he was found still sailing, his hand on the air-brake?" And an engineer said it to me, he put his hand on the air-brake to illustrate his meaning, and I looked at him and thought: "You would be just as much of a hero in the same crisis."

Oh, in that religious discourse of the future there will be living illustrations taken out from everyday life of vicarious suffering—illustrations that will bring to mind the ghastliest sacrifice of him who in the high places of the field, on the cross fought our battles, and wept our griefs, and endured our struggle, and died our death.

A German sculptor made an image of Christ, and he asked his little child two years old what it was, and she said; "That must be some very great man." Because her was displayed with the most artistic skill, so he got another block of marble, and chiseled away on it two or three years, and then he brought in his little child, 4 or 5 years of age, and he said to her: "Who do you think that is?" She said: "That must be the one who took little children in his arms and blessed them." Then the sculptor was satisfied. Oh, my friends, what the world wants is not a cold Christ, not an intellectual Christ, not a severely magisterial Christ, but a loving Christ, spreading out his arms of sympathy to press the whole world to his loving heart.

But, I remark again, that the religious discourse of the future will be short. Condensation is demanded by the times in which we live. No more words of long introductions and long appellations, and so many divisions to a discourse that it may be said to be hydra-headed. In other days men got all their information from the pulpit. There were few books and there were no newspapers, and there was little travel from place to place, and people would sit and listen two and a half hours to a religious discourse, and "seventeenthly" would find them fresh and chipper. In those days there was enough time for a man to take an hour to warm himself up to the subject and an hour to cool off. But what was a necessity then is a superfluity now. Conversations are full of knowledge from books, from newspapers, from rapid and continuous intercommunications, and long disquisitions of what they know already will not be abided. If a religious teacher cannot compress what he wishes to say to the people in 45 minutes better adjourn it to some other day.

The trouble is we preach audiences into a Christian frame, and then we preach them out of it. We forget that every auditor has so much capacity of attention, and when that is exhausted he is restless. The accident on the Long Island railroad some years ago came from the fact that the brakes were out of order, and when they wanted to stop the train they could not stop, and hence the casualty was terrific. In all religious discourse we want locomotive power and propulsion. We want at the same time stout brakes to let down at the right instant. It is a dismal thing after a hearer has comprehended the whole subject to hear a man say, "Now to recapitulate," and "a few words by way of application," and "once more," and "finally," and "now to conclude."

Paul preached until midnight, and Eutychus got sound asleep and fell out of a window and broke his neck. Some would say: "Good for him." I would not be so unsympathetic like Paul and resuscitate him. That accident is often quoted now in religious circles as a warning against somnolence in church. It is just as much a warning to ministers against prolixity. Eutychus was wrong in his somnolence, but Paul was in a mistake when he went on until midnight. He ought to have stopped at 11 o'clock, and there would have been no accident. If Paul might have gone on to too great length, let all of us who are now preaching the gospel remember that there is a limit to religious discourse, or ought to be, and that in our time we have no apostolic miracles to help us out.

Napoleon, in an address of seven minutes, thrilled his army and thrilled Europe. Christ's sermon on the Mount, the model sermon, was less than thirteen minutes long at ordinary mode of delivery. It is not electricity scattered all over the land that strikes, but electricity gathered into a thunderbolt and hurled, and it is not religious truth scattered over, spread out over a vast reach of time, but religious truth projected in compact form that flashes light upon the soul and fires the indifference.

When the religious discourse of the future arrives in this land and in the Christian world that discourse which is to arouse the world and startle the nations, and usher in the kingdom, it will be a brief discourse. Hear it all theological students, all ye just entering upon religious work, all ye men and women who in Sabbath schools and other departments are toiling for Christ and the salvation of immortals. Brevity!

But a remark also, that the religious discourse of the future of which I speak will be a popular discourse. There are those in these times who speak of a popular sermon as though there must be something wrong about it. As these critics are still themselves the victims of the impression that a sermon is good in proportion as it is stupid. Christ was the most popular preacher the world ever saw, and considering the small number of the world's population, had the largest audiences ever gathered. He never preached anywhere without making a great sensation. People rushed out in the wilderness to hear him, reckless of the physical necessities. So great was their anxiety to hear Christ that, taking no food with them, they would have fainted and starved had not Christ performed a miracle and fed them.

Why did so many people take the truth at Christ's hands? Because they all understood it. He illustrated his subject by a hen and her chickens, by a bushel measure, by a handful of salt, by a bird's flight and by a lily's aroma. All the people knew what he meant and they flocked to him. And when the religious discourse of the future appears, it will not be Erasmian, nor Melancthonian, nor Augustinian, nor Arminian, nor Hopkinsian, nor Calvinistic, nor Arian, nor Socinian, but Olivetic—plain, practical, unique, earnest, comprehensive of all the woes, wants, sins, sorrows, and necessities of an auditory.

But when that exhortation or discourse does come there will be a thousand gleaming seminaries to charge on it. There are in so many theological seminaries professors telling young men how to preach, themselves not knowing how, and I am told that if a young man in some of our theological seminaries says anything quaint or thrilling or unique, faculty and students fly at him and set him right, and straighten him out, and smooth him down, and chop him off, until he says everything just as everybody else says it.

Oh, when the future religious discourse of the Christian church arrives, all the churches of Christ in our great cities will be thronged. The world wants spiritual help. All who have buried their dead want comfort. All know themselves to be mortal and to be immortal and they want to hear about the great future. I tell you, my friends, if the people of our great cities who have had trouble only thought they could get practical and sympathetic help in the Christian church, there would not be a church in New York or Brooklyn, or Philadelphia, or Boston, which would be passable on the Sabbath day if there were a church on it; for all the people would press to that asylum of mercy, that great house of comfort and consolation.

Another with a dead babe in her arms came to the god Veda, and asked to have her child restored to life. The god Veda said to her: "You go and get a handful of mustard seed from a house in which there has been no sorrow, and in which there has been no death, and I will restore your child to life." The mother went out and went from house to house, and from house to house, looking for a place where there had been no sorrow and where there had been no death, but she found none. She went back to the god Veda, and said: "My mission is a failure; you see I haven't brought the mustard seed; I can't find a place where there has been no sorrow and no death." "Oh," said the god Veda, "understand your sorrows are no worse than the sorrows of others; we all have our griefs, and all have our heartbreaks."

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.

We hear a great deal of discussion now all over the land about why people do not go to church. Some say it is because Christianity is dying out, and because people do not believe in the truth of God's word, and all that. They are false reasons. The reason is because our sermons are not homiletical, are not interesting, and practical, and helpful. Some one might as well tell the whole truth on this subject, and so I will tell it. The religious discourse of the future, the gospel sermon to come forth and shake the nations, and lift people out of darkness, will be a popular sermon, just for the simple reason that it will meet the wants the wants, and the anxieties of the people.

There are in all our denominations ecclesiastical mummies sitting around to frown upon the fresh young pulpits of America, to try to awe them down, to cry out: "Jut! tut! tut! Sensational!" They stand to-day preaching in churches that hold a thousand people, and there are a hundred persons present, and if they cannot have the world saved in their way it seems as if they do not want it saved at all.

I do not know but the old way of making ministers of the gospel is better—a collegiate education and an apprenticeship under the care and home education of some earnest, aged Christian minister, the young man getting the patriarch's spirit and assisting him in his religious service. Young lawyers study with old lawyers, young physicians with old physicians, and I believe it would be a great help if every young man studying for the gospel ministry could put himself in the home and heart, and sympathy, and under the benediction and perpetual presence of a Christian minister.

But I remark again, the religious discourse of the future will be an awakening sermon. From altar rail to the front door step under that sermon an audience will get up and start for heaven. There will be a ringing message. It will not be a lullaby; it will be a battle charge. Men will drop their sins, for they will feel the hot breath of pursuing retribution on the back of their necks. It will be sympathetic with all the physical distresses as well as the spiritual distresses of the world. Christ not only preached but he healed paralysis, and he healed epilepsy, and he healed the dumb and the blind and ten lepers.

That religious discourse of the future will be an every-day sermon, going right down into every man's life, and it will teach him how to vote, how to bargain, how to plow, how to harrow, how to use a pitchfork, how to wield a shovel, and how and when, and yardstick and plane. And it will teach women how to preside over their household, and how to educate their children, and how to imitate Miriam and Esther and Vashti and Eunice, the mother of Timothy and Mary, the mother of Christ, and those women in Northern and Southern battlefields who were in Macon by the wounded for angels of mercy fresh from the throne of God.

Yes, I have to tell you the religious discourse of the future will be a reported sermon. If you have any idea that printing was invented simply to print secular books, and stenography and photography were contrived merely to set forth secular ideas, you are mistaken.

The printing-press is to be the great agency of gospel proclamation. It is high time that good men, instead of denouncing the press, employ it to scatter forth the gospel of Jesus Christ. The vast majority of people in our cities do not come to church, and nothing but the printed sermon can reach them and put into their hands pardon, and life, and peace, and heaven.

So I cannot understand the nervousness of some of my brethren of the ministry. When they see a newspaper man coming in they say: "Alas! there is a reporter." Every added reporter is a thousand, 50,000 and 100,000 immortal souls added to the audience. The time will come when all the village, town and city newspapers will reproduce the gospel of Jesus Christ, and sermons preached on the Sabbath will reverberate all around the world, and, some by type and some by voice, all nations will be evangelized.

The proper bearing of this is upon those who are engaged in Christian work, not only upon theological students and young ministers, but upon all who preach the gospel, and all who exhort in tastings, and that is all of you if you are doing your duty. Do you exhort in prayer meeting? Be short and be spiritual. Do you talk to your class? Be short and be spiritual. Though you have to study every night, be interesting. Do you accost people on the subject of religion in their homes or in public places? Study adroitness and use common sense. The most grateful thing on earth is the religion of Jesus Christ, and if you awkwardly present it, it is by your unfaithfulness. Work rapidly, and we must do it effectively.

Soon our time for work will be gone. A dying Christian took out his watch and gave it to a friend and said: "Take that watch; I have no more use for it; time is ended for me and eternity begins." Oh, my friends, when our watch has ticked away for us the last moment, and our clock has struck for us the last hour, may it be found we did our work well, that we did it in the very best way, and whether we preached the gospel in pulpits or taught Sabbath classes, or administered to the sick as physicians, or bargained as merchants, or plead the law as attorneys, or were busy as artisans, or as husbandmen, or as mechanics, or were like Martha called to give a meal to a hungry Christ, or like Hannah to make a coat for a prophet, or like Deborah to rouse the courage of some timid Barak in the Lord's conflict, we did our work in order to keep that will stand the test of the judgment. And in the long procession of the redeemed that reach around the throne, may it be found there are many there brought to God through our instrumentality and in whose rescue we are exultant.

But, O you unsaved, wait not for that religious discourse of the future. It may come after your obsequies. It may come after the stone cutter has chiseled your name on the slab fifty years before. Do not wait for a great steamer of the Cunard or White Star Line to take you off the wreck, but hail the first craft with boat low and sweet power a ladder, and however weak a captain. Better a disabled schooner that comes up in time than a full-rigged brig that comes up after you have sunken.

Instead of waiting for that religious discourse of the future—it may be forty, fifty years off—take this plain hortatory from a man who, having given his spiritual experience, would be glad to breathe the spirit of the hand of Christ put on the eyes of a blind man, and who would consider the highest compliment of his service, if at the close five hundred men should start from those doors, saying: "Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not. This one thing I know, whereas I was blind now I see."

Below, where the shadows over the plain, quicker than birds in their autumnal flight, gather their cycles to their prey, his you to a sympathetic Christ. The orchestras of heaven have already string their instruments to celebrate your rescue.

And many were the harps that sounded the theme:
Redemption, for the Lord brings back his own.

AMERICAN MECHANICS.

An Enthusiastic Gathering at Erie, Pa., Last Night.

ERIE, Pa., July 21.—At yesterday's quarterly session of the Pennsylvania State council of United American mechanics, 200 delegates were present, representing a membership of 100,000 in Pennsylvania. A resolution was adopted that a memorial from the order be presented to the next congress asking that a per capita tax be imposed by law on foreign emigrants landing at American seaports. Also that congress be requested to pass a law requiring that foreign-born residents shall live as citizens 21 years before becoming eligible to office.

Harry A. Keil, of Pittsburg, was elected state councilor. The next annual convention will be held at Wilkesbarre, July 19, 1888.

News of the Week.

OHIO DEMOCRATS

Hold their State Convention in Cleveland, Adopt a Platform and Nominate a Weak Ticket.

CONVENTION HALL, CLEVELAND, July 21.—(Press.)—The platform of the Democratic state convention is not lengthy. It is a Democratic eure-all, and is herewith presented in full:

The Democratic party of Ohio, in convention assembled, proclaims its loyalty and unqualified endorsement of the honest, patriotic and economical administration of President Cleveland.

We demand such judicious reduction of the present burdensome tariff as shall result in producing a revenue sufficient only to meet the expenses of the government, including the support of the government, the payment of liberal pensions to Union soldiers and sailors, and the payment of the interest and principal of the public debt; and, if necessary, we favor such further reduction as may be needful to prevent, as will prevent the accumulation of a surplus in the National Treasury. And we denounce any attempt to abolish the tax on liquors for the purpose of keeping up the present unjust, unequal and onerous tariff system.

We call attention to and affirm as sound doctrine and policy the following emphatic and patriotic language of President Cleveland: "Our public revenues are national wealth, the earnings of our growth and heritage of our people. It should promise limitless development and riches, relief to a crowding population, and homes for the oppressed. Its use in the most possible advantages should be jealously guarded, and a careful and enlightened policy on the part of the part of the government should secure them to the people."

We demand that all lands of this government be held for actual settlers who are citizens of the United States and for those who declare their intention to become such.

We sympathize heartily and fully with all peoples struggling to free themselves from the environments of despotism and especially does the long and gallant struggle of Ireland for the priceless boon of Home Rule, and the rights of local self-government, receive our applause and command our heartiest good wishes for speedy success.

Labor being the chief factor and great conservator of our free and liberal institutions, should enjoy its full share of the common benefits derived therefrom; therefore, we favor such restraints of the centralization and encroachment of corporate power as will secure to honest labor and to honest labor and at the same time conserve the interests of honestly employed capital.

We favor such legislation on the question of immigration as will prevent the landing, for permanent residence, of aliens who are not willing to declare their intention of becoming citizens of the United States. We declare our opposition to the importation of criminals, labor and we favor the severest punishment of all persons inciting riot and revolution against republican institutions.

We denounce the present Republican state administration as weak, wasteful, personal and unbusinesslike; we call upon the people of Ohio to turn out of power a state government whose only apparent mission is to augment expenditures, multiply offices, increase taxation and burden taxation with the bankruptcy of the treasury as the ultimate result; we denounce the late Republican legislature for its cowardly and hypocritical alliance, through intrigue with the Republican board of public works and Republican attorney general in a scheme whereby millions of dollars' worth of the property of the state is to be transferred to corporations, thereby creating a monopoly of transportation, without the state or the people thereof receiving any benefit therefrom.

We demand the fullest safeguards for the ballot box, the punishment of all who seek to corrupt it, and the enactment of a law making it a felony for corporations, capitalists and employers to intimidate or attempt to control the political opinion of their employes.

We favor home rule in the management and control of municipal affairs, and denounce the partisan acts passed by the late Republican legislature to subvert the rights of self-government in cities, and we demand the repeal of all laws which deprive the electors of the exercise of their constitutional privileges.

The commercial and industrial interests of the state demand the use of all transportation facilities be secured to all on equal terms and we demand that favoritism by common carriers and the employment of corporate influence to foster monopolies and oppress the people be prohibited by law, and that pools, combinations, trusts, or conspiracies to corner or forestall the market and to jetter or crush free competition, be suppressed by legislation.

We declare in favor of a proper regulation of the liquor traffic, and believe it to be the duty of all good citizens to aid in reducing to a minimum the evils of intemperance, and to this end favor the submission of an amendment to the constitution providing for the license of such traffic.

THOSE EIGHT-INCH GUNS.

A Serious Accident on Board the Cruiser Atlanta.

NEW YORK, July 20.—The *Sun* says: Private letters from an officer and a machinist on board the new steel cruiser Atlanta to friends in the Brooklyn navy yard say that during the target practice in Gardner's bay day before yesterday, the eight-inch bow and stern barbette pivot guns recoiled with such force as to tear loose the trucks on which they turn and also to rip up a portion of the heavy gun deck.

These guns are the largest guns afloat in the service, and those on the Atlanta are the first of them to be tested on board ship by our naval officers. Just how serious the damage is could not be learned. No official report of it has reached the Navy yard. The officers of the Boston are naturally much concerned to know the exact facts regarding the condition of their vessel.

The Boston is a sister ship of the Atlanta, and the tracks for her eight-inch guns are laid in the same way. Her guns are not yet on board.

The letters say that the damage was done by a charge of 160 pounds of powder. The trouble will have to be much more secure than was thought necessary to withstand the recoil produced by a full charge of 120 pounds of powder.

During the firing a live sheep was used to ascertain just how near men may stand to the muzzle of the great guns when they are fired, without being killed by the concussion. At one discharge, the letters say, the sheep was blown clear over a hatchway and killed. Officers on the Boston think this must have been done to ascertain whether an eight-inch gun can be safely worked while a six-inch gun next to being fired almost across the eight-inch gun's track.

THE LONGSHOREMEN.

The Extent of Their Strike will be Measured by the Action To-night.

NEW YORK, July 25.—The extent of the longshoremens difficulties will be gauged this evening. By advertisements in the papers, the shipping agents have been notified that after night the men hereafter will charge 60 cents an hour. The present pay is 45 cents. Whether the increase will be granted will be decided by the Pacific Mail company, whose steamer, the City of Paris, is discharging at the foot of Canal street. Work on her to night will be necessary to enable her to meet her dates.

Should a demur be made, the purpose of the union, who favor a disinclination to strike, is to decline the night labor, and go to work as usual in the morning.

DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY.

More Than Three Hundred Thousand Graves, Many of Them Marked Unknown—Facts Worth Keeping.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—The War department is advertising for the supply of several thousand headstones to be used for marking the graves of soldiers buried in private, village and city cemeteries of the country.

"It was found, however, that it was very difficult and expensive for the department to attempt to set the stones in so many hundreds of localities, scattered all over the country, and so we changed the programme a little and furnished the stones to those applying, requiring them to set them for themselves. This plan has been found to give general satisfaction and thousands of them have been furnished. Our appropriation, however, being by no means adequate, was not met, and the first session of last Congress did not give us any money with which to continue the work. The last session, however, appropriated $15,000 for the same purpose, and we hope with this to supply the demand."

"How many men will this 15,000 stones buried in the national cemeteries cover?"

"Probably not. The class of stones which we furnish for this purpose have heretofore cost us a little over $2 apiece. They are of a uniform size, and are marked with the name, company and regiment of the deceased, where this is known, as it usually is in the case of those buried in private cemeteries."

"Is there a very large number of those buried in the national cemeteries who are classed as 'unknown?'"

"Yes," he answered, sadly, taking up a book which lay beside him, "a very large number. Look; here is the report of the officer in charge of this branch of the department. It shows that among the best kept national cemeteries, 148,-762 are marked unknown. That, you see, is pretty nearly one-half of the entire number. The same report puts the number of known dead in the national cemeteries at 175,395, so that the number of unknown is, you see, nearly one-half.

"Seems sad, don't it, that nearly 150,000 men who gave their lives for their country should stay to-day, in spite of all efforts to preserve their identity, in unknown graves? But it is a fact, and it is one of the fortunes of war. You see, many of them were buried on the battlefield in the haste of the occasion, in long trenches of thousands of dead, single field, and their identification would have been impossible, even if there had been ample time. In many cases they were buried by the opposing army, and of course were not known personally to any of those who buried them. This was the case, too, just the same, with the dead Confederates who were buried after the battles, making each battlefield a national cemetery."

"Oh, no

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Politicians urging the President hard to take a western trip, and he probably will.

King Leopold, of Belgium, says he has heard nothing of Explorer Stanley's death in Africa.

The St. Petersburg *Exchange Gazette* denies that a Russian loan is being negotiated in Paris.

The Spanish government has decided to abolish Cuban export duties on sugar, molasses and liquors.

The breach of promise suit against "Lucky" Baldwin by Miss Louisa E. Perkins, has been compromised for $125,000.

M. Katkoff, editor of the Moscow *Gazette*, who was thought to be convalescent, has had a relapse and is thought to be dying.

Cash in the government treasury found $2.50 short, owing to the mistake of a clerk. The count has been in progress several weeks.

The great Von Moltke, who was a candidate for election to the German Reichstag, was overwhelmingly defeated by a comparatively unknown man.

Justice Field, of the United States Supreme court, has decided that Mrs. Langtry would have to return to Frisco and appear in court in person, if she desired to forfeit her citizen ship.

Dispatches from Chicago indicate that the anarchist groups are still meeting, and that their boldness is rapidly approaching the dangerous point at which it broke out in the Haymarket riots.

The United States Circuit court at New York decides that the order of the commissioners of immigration for the return to their country of pauper immigrants is final, and cannot be upset by the courts.

The campaign in Berlin against Russian secret cities is started. Emperor William seems to be absorbing new vitality at Gastein. His physicians say his condition has greatly improved since he left Berlin.

Mr. Lepsomb, assistant secretary of state of South Carolina when Mr. Thompson, now assistant secretary of the treasury, was governor, will be appointed chief of the patent office, vice Mr. Butler, resigned.

John Harp, of New Philadelphia, had a shepherd dog to which his son Allen, aged 10, became greatly attached. Yesterday the dog died, and Allen had a sad blow cut his brains over the grave of the beloved animal.

The treasury department has decided that animals of high grade value, imported from Scotland or other distant countries for breeding purposes, may enter the country free, notwithstanding the fact that they may be for sale.

At the demand of Gen. Ferron, secretary of war, the French Senate—137 to 92—has voted the urgency for his mobilizing bill. The Senate also passed his bills for increasing the army by adding 6,000 men annually to the ranks and eighteen new infantry regiments.

A large number of distillers have met in Chicago to discuss the organization of a whisky trust on the plan of the standard Oil Co. The plan is to unite in a monopoly all the distilleries west of the Ohio river. The name adopted is the Western Distillers and Cattle Feeders Trust.

An alarming dispatch is received from Prof. Forbes, Illinois state entomologist, in which he states that chinch bugs have obtained no foothold in Illinois, and the condition of the soil and climate in the northern portion of Illinois to such an extent as to assure an immense number next year, unless weather unfavorable to their development should intervene. He says the danger threatens to damage the wheat crop of 1888 to an extent in comparison with which pleuro-pneumonia and other recent southwestern diseases among domestic animals will be insignificant.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

Everything Pointing to a Healthy Condition in all Parts of the Country.

NEW YORK, July 23.—R. G. Dun & Co., weekly review says: "With the crops progressing well throughout the country, crop prospects excellent, iron production larger than at any previous period, money in abundant supply, Wall street is disturbed because the dream it has been chasing for months suddenly fades away.

"Mr. Garrett announces the failure of Mr. Ives to buy the Baltimore & Ohio. The latest collapse of speculation in the weakness of Wall street as a barometer. For four months this street has been discounting beneficent results on this expected "settlement." All sorts of purchases, loans, commitments and calculations have been based thereon. But for the retention of the Baltimore & Ohio by the old owners, Mr. Ives declared no bear. But now litigation, involving the value of many properties, direct and indirect, has been commenced and may overcloud with uncertainty for some time and meanwhile no one wants to buy a share in a lawsuit.

"Wheat at 84½ for No. 2 red winter in July is lower than it has been before in that month for more than 40 years, and close to the lowest price for that period in any month. This is the direct result of speculation, which drew many millions of bushels from farmers' hands, where the cost of carrying was nothing, into the hands of dealers who are anxious to unload before the new wheat comes. Twenty-five million bushels of dealers' stocks are heavier than 50,000,000 bushels would be in farmers' bins. Small purchases from farmers for some time to come are probable, and a consequent delay in demand for money to use in crop moving may possibly be helpful.

"Prices generally are low in spite of many speculations. As evidence of the absorption of floating capital in fixed forms and its effects, it may be stated that the same quantities of articles representing nine-tenths of the aggregate consumption of the country, which could have been bought a year ago for $100, would now cost only about 80 or 90. Wool is 2 cents per pound higher in January last. So small a change in prices after the expansion of $65,000,000 during the year in circulation, is surprising.

"Cotton is tending downward with liquidation following several important failures, but goods are comparatively scarce and prices well maintained. Woolens are in limited demand, with foreign competition at low prices combining with slack demand for goods to discourage producers.

"But some kinds of iron and steel look stronger, though the market for steel rails seems less firm. A sale of 25,000 tons of Bessemer iron at above $20 is reported, and at the same time a large sale of rails for Seattle delivery at prices below current quotations.

"Reports from all parts of the country are uniformly favorable as to the state of trade for the season, and collections are reported good or fair at all points save two.

"Crop prospects are also pronounced more favorable, though the extent of damage done by drouth and insects can not be determined.

"The failure to enforce the inter state act as was expected, results in disappointment to some localities, but the volume of exchanges and returns of railroad earnings show business on the whole larger than a year ago.

"Anxiety about the supply of money for fall, revives the discussion of Treasury operations. The indications are that no purchase of bonds will be made if it can be avoided.

"The Treasury has taken in $2,000,000 more than it has paid out during the past week—$800,000 in gold; $600,000 in silver and $600,000 in legal tender, but large disbursements are expected about August 1.

"Exports improve for three weeks having exceeded last years by 6 per cent against an increase of 6 per cent in imports. Foreign exchange tends upward, however. Some sales of securities on foreign account are reported. The course of stocks have indicated hesitation and weakness, and the narrow bank reserves for the season affect with timidity most of the speculative markets.

"Business failures during the last seven days number: For the United States, 147; Canada, 25; total, 172; compared with 179 last week and 183 for corresponding week last year.

WILL COME WEST.

Indications Point to Grover Coming Out to See Us.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 23.—The Mayor of St. Louis has telegraphed President Cleveland, asking him if he would receive a delegation from that city who would come here to extend an invitation to the President to visit St. Louis after the Grand Army men have gone. The President replied that he would be here on Monday to receive the delegation.

Other invitations from Western cities to the President to make them a visit are on the way or will soon reach him, notably one from the citizens of Kansas City who are desirous of having him pay a visit to to the national agricultural exposition which opens there early this fall, and it is thought quite probable he will make up his mind to make quite an extended Western trip after his Southern trip to Atlanta.

A special says:

The politicians who are coming here from St. Louis to urge the President to take a Western trip will tell him that their trip is unnecessary. There is no doubt that the President has already determined to take an extended tour through the Western states in the early future. The date has not yet been fixed. If he goes early he will probably visit first Chicago then Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis, returning to Washington by the way of Omaha, Atchison, Kansas City and St. Louis.

"If the trip is taken later, the route will be reversed, so as to visit St. Louis first and then Kansas City, Atchison, Omaha, Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Milwaukee, coming home direct from Chicago. The President hopes to be able to make this trip in daylight, so as to see the country and observe the great progress of the West. It is his intention to meet the people of the Western states as President of the whole country and not as the representative of one party. This is the way in which he talks to those to whom he has expressed his views upon the subject."

PIGS OF COMMERCE.

The "Bulletin's" Report on the Amount of Iron Manufactured in the First Six Months of 1887.

PHILADELPHIA, July 22.—The *Bulletin*, published by the American Iron & Steel association says: "The American Iron & Steel association has received from the manufacturers' complete statistics for the production of pig iron in the United States in the first six months of the present year; also complete statistics of the stocks of unsold pig iron in the hands of manufacturers or their agents on the 30th day of June last.

Our production in the last six months of 1886 was 3,651,699 gross tons.

The production in the first six months of 1887 was very slightly in excess of that in the last six months of 1886. The reduction in the make of bituminous pig iron was almost exactly balanced by the increase in the make of mixed anthracite and coke, pig iron, and the slightly increased production of anthracite pig iron alone, indicating the substitution in the first months of 1887 of anthracite for coke in the production of about 115,000 net tons of pig iron.

The production of spiegeleisen and ferromanganese in the first six months of 1887 included in the aggregate production of pig iron, is a disappointment. It was only 25,436 net tons. In the whole of the year 1886 we made 47,982 net tons. The production of Bessemer pig iron for the first half of 1887, was 1,445,674 net tons, or about 42 per cent of our total production of pig iron.

Contrary to the general expectation, the production of pig iron in the Southern states during the first six months of 1887 did not advance, but was a little less than in the last six months of 1886. The explanation of the failure of the South to make as much progress in the manufacture of pig iron in the first half of 1886, as has been expected of her is two fold. First, several of her furnaces have been handicapped by a lack of coke; second, none of the new furnaces in the South, which were under contract last winter or last spring, have not yet been completed.

The stocks of pig iron which were unsold in the hands of manufacturers or their agents on June 30 last, and which were not intended for the consumption of manufacturers, amounted to 264,717 tons, against 252,704 net tons on December 31 last.

The general impression has been that stocks were greatly reduced at the close of June, but the figures show that they were in large them near the beginning of the year. The aggregate was, however, very small compared with the consumption of pig iron that is now in progress in this country.

The production of Bessemer steel ingots in the first half of 1887 amounted to 1,637,572 net tons, against 967,730 tons in the last of 1886, and 1,073,663 tons in the first half of 1886. Included in the production of the first half of 1887 were 51,043 net tons of Clapp-Griffiths ingots against 31,561 tons in the last half of 1886 and 24,810 tons in the first half of 1886.

The production of Bessemer steel rails in the first half of 1887 amounted to 1,030,530 gross tons. The production in the first half of 1887 indicates a total production of 2,100,000 gross tons for the whole year, if nothing materially affect these figures. The production of 1886 was 1,576,073 gross tons, including steel rails rolled in iron rolling mills.

The production of open hearth steel ingots in the first half of 1887 amounted to 174,400 net tons, against 152,710 tons in the second half of 1886, and 92,540 tons in the first of 1886. In the first half of 1887 we made 12,396 net tons of open steel rails.

THE STEWART ESTATE.

More Litigation Brought to Bring Down Executor Judge Hilton.

NEW YORK, July 23.—[Special wire.]—The litigation around the estate of Alexander T. Stewart seems to be interminable. The law has published important notice begun was that by Prescott Hall Butler, who about the middle of February last filed notice of pendency of action in a suit to set aside what is known as the trust clause in the will of Mrs. Cornelia M. Stewart. Mr. Butler's great aim was to reduce ex Judge Hilton's influence and power as a trustee under that document to as near nothing as possible.

Mr. Butler's mother-in-law, Mrs. J. Lawrence Smith, has now begun another suit against Mrs. Hilton. The purpose of this is to have an accounting and to set aside the transfer of the dry goods business made by Mrs. Stewart to Mrs. Hilton, which was filed in April of that year. The present action differs in important particulars from the suit instituted by Mr. Butler. In his action he devoted a large part of his complaint to allegations of undue influence exerted by Mr. Hilton upon the mind of Mrs. Stewart.

This feature does not appear in the present complaint, which without this, however, is still a formidable document. Mrs. Smith recites the well-known facts relative to the transfer, and makes the assertion that it was unlawfully made against the lawful interests of the rightful heirs, and not in accordance with the intentions of Mr. Stewart, who left a residuary estate of $1,000,000. The sum of $1,000,000, for which provision was made, was intended, it is asserted, as a full and ample discharge of all obligations of the estate to Judge Hilton for conducting or closing out the business.

Among the property to which attention is called as having passed improperly to Mr. Hilton's hands are the Hilton's at 26 Broadway and Chamber streets, and the large retail building at Tenth street. There is a recital of the facts of the will of A. T. Stewart, the letters from Mr. Stewart to his wife relative to his wishes, of management of the estate by Mr. Hilton, of Mrs. Stewart's will and of many such matters as were set fourth in the suit of Mr. Butler.

The transfer of the property is held to have been made without authority and in a manner demanding an investigation and an accounting.

In the original will and first codicil Mrs. Smith received a certain sum out and out; by the second codicil, executed one month after she was made an equal heir with Charles J. Clinch, the "favorite" nephew of Mrs. Stewart, as Mrs. Smith was said to be her "favorite" niece. As the present action is brought merely to set aside the transfer of property made in 1870, it is thought that the litigation takes this form to evade the clause in the will providing that any heir contesting it shall forfeit the sum left him or her.

CAPTURED A CHLOROFORMER.

A Burly Negro's Plans Thwarted by a Cool-headed Southern Woman.

BONHAM, Texas, July 22.—[Special wire.]—Last night Mrs. Tetteller was awakened by the fumes of chloroform, and not wishing to frighten her four daughters, who had been sleeping in the room with her since the Gainesville tragedy, lay quietly for a minute, when Miss Nellie Tetteller screamed out that there was some one in the room with chloroform, and awakened the whole family.

The watch-dog commenced barking at some one, and continued until Mrs. Tetteller awakened two young men who were boarding in her house, and sending one off after an officer, while the other went to see what the dog was barking at.

Upon this approach, a burly negro sprang from behind some undergrowth in the yard and made for the back fence, which was made of pickets and barbed wire. In reaching the fence, the negro fell over some chicken coops, and missed the narrow gap through which he had evidently entered the yard.

The lady overtook the negro at the fence and ordered "hands up" or she would blow the top off his head.

His hands came up, and marching him before her she brought him back to the house, where she and the young man held him until the officer came and conducted him to jail. The negro proved to be Bill Willis, an immensely big black, burly negro about twenty-two years of age. There was not a shooting-iron of any description on the place.

MAY BE LINCOLN.

Weighing the Presidential Candidates in the Public Opinion Scale.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—Representative Hopkins, of Illinois, though comparatively a new man in Congress, has already come to be regarded as one whose opinions are of the best. He is in the city, and said today that the Republicans of Manitoba, the Northwest territories and British Columbia to know that the Dominion government has imposed quarantine regulations which preclude absolutely the importation into these sections of the country of any cattle except for breeding purposes, and they only to be imported subject to the most stringent quarantine inspection.

All horses and hogs will be subject to 21 days' quarantine.

CLEVELAND WILL GO.

He Accepts the Invitation to Visit the City of St. Louis.

WASHINGTON, July 25.—A delegation of citizens of St. Louis called on the President at noon to-day and invited him to visit that city in October.

The President accepted the invitation but left the time of the visit to be fixed hereafter.

THE COKE STRIKE.

What It Has Cost the Employer and Employe in Eleven Weeks.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 22.—The coke strike just ended was one of the most stubbornly contested battles ever fought between capital and labor. For eleven weeks and four days the fight went on, and now that it is over the feeling between the men and the operators is, if anything, more cordial than it ever was before.

The amount of money lost by the long idleness cannot be accurately calculated, but it runs up into the millions.

When the strike began four-fifths of the 11,000 men in the region had money of their own, but very few of them have enough money now to take them out of the district if they wanted to leave.

For the first six weeks all of the 11,000 were striking. The averages wages paid, including nine boys at 75 cents per day, and coal miners at from $2.50 to $5 a day, is $2.05. Counting at that rate, the good men lost during the first five weeks $553,500 in wages.

Then A. Carnegie gave the advance and 3,000 men went to work. For six weeks the remaining 8,000 have been carrying on the strike and have lost $442,800, making a total loss in wages of $996,300. If a sliding scale equal to 12½ per cent. advance is arranged for then it will take a year and nine months' steady work to make up for the time they have lost.

The operators have also been heavy losers. The stamps have been kept running at all the pits, yard and pit houses superintendents and clerks have been drawing salaries, and mules and horses have been getting fat on oats and hay they did not earn.

At West Leisring, where the Pinkerton men have been stationed, the expense has been over $8,000 a day since the strike began. Besides this, the ovens have become cold and badly out of repair.

Full a third of them all over the region will have to be overhauled before coal can be put into them. Then, too, the coke trade has fallen off and it will take time and money to build it up again. It is estimated that the actual expense to the operators has been from $7,000 to $10,000 a day, while their entire loss will foot up to over a million of dollars.

CARLOAD LOTS.

Grocers Claim the Railroads Discriminate on Them.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—The case of the associated wholesale grocers of St. Louis against the Missouri Pacific railroad was heard by the commerce board. The grocers were represented by Jacob Furth, president of the association, W. E. Schweppe, secretary; J. K. Hayward and E. E. Kelly. There were present also a committee of the New York Board of Trade and a representation of the Merchants' Exchange of New York, representing a large number of retail merchants in various parts of the West. These parties make common cause with the St. Louis grocers in respect of one of the items of complaint, namely: The practice of the railroads in charging more upon less than a carload than upon a full carload.

The hearing was continued until 6 o'clock. It was a tedious, rambling procedure throughout, owing to the inexperteness of the grocers in presenting their case. At 5:30 the grocers were hopelessly floored for a moment to permit the New York people to present their case.

Mr. Thurber, on behalf of the committee, of which he was chairman, said to the commission that the question was much broader than it would appear to be locally presented by the St. Louis people on their traffic west of the Mississippi. The trunk line classification since the enactment of the interstate law, he said, largely increased the number of articles upon which differential rates are imposed when shipped in less than car lots. Substantially the same discriminations are thus made in favor of large shippers which were formerly marked by means of rebates and drawbacks, and which the interstate commerce law was designated to prevent.

The circumstances are greatly aggravated as compared with those complained of at St. Louis More than half of the cars of the trunk lines go west empty, and no cause exists for such discrimination. He asked that the question be not decided until the commission shall have had time to hear and consider it in all its bearings.

It touched the very foundation of rate-working principles, and it would be better to postpone its decision until autumn rather than decide hastily.

Mr. T. E. Green, manager of the Merchants' bureau, representing 250 retail merchants in the West, made a similar request.

MADDENED BY THE HEAT.

The Sad Case of a Fireman on the Lake Steamer Waverly of the Vermont Line.

CLEVELAND, July 22.—The steamer Waverly, of the Central Vermont line, which arrived in port about noon, Thursday, brought the body of John Burke, a fireman who was taken violently crazy during the trip. About 10 o'clock Wednesday night while off Port Colburn, Burke went to the fireroom to clean his fires. When he had finished the job he rushed up on deck and exclaimed:

"This boat can't go on or stop, just as it pleases, but I am sick!" The attention of the chief engineer, D. C. Tibbits, was called to the man, and it was soon evident that the man had gone mad. Burke made a rush for the compound room and plunged through the window. He was dragged out and put into his bunk. He was given a drink and calmed down, only to rise and jump up again and ran about the boat yelling to the full extent of his lungs.

The engineer chased him up and was savagely attacked. The mad man was throttled, but soon broke away again and plunged through a window on the main deck. Tibbits grabbed one leg just as the fellow was about to fall into the water, and with the aid of a deck hand pulled him back and bound him hand a foot. He was again laid in his bunk, where he continued to rave and struggle until 2:30 Thursday morning, when he expired.

His madness was evidently caused by the great heat of the fire room. He was buried at Ogdensburg, N. Y., on July 17, and claimed to be an experienced fireman, but the engineer does not think he was used to the business. The body was removed to Hogan & Harris's morgue, and Coroner West was notified. Burke is thought to have a brother living in this city.

ANTI-POVERTY.

The McGlynn Party Will Have a Presidential Candidate in the Field.

NEW YORK, July 23.—Cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs greeted Dr. McGlynn's announcement in Irving's Hall last night, that the anti-Poverty society would have a candidate of its own in the field at the next Presidential election.

He made the announcement at the business meeting of the society. He was making a speech in answer to a question, which he said was being continually asked him, in spite of the fact that he had answered it hundreds of times already, "How does the anti-Poverty society propose to abolish poverty?"

He said: "How are we going to do it? None so blind as those who will not see. We are going to do it by talking to the voters, by persuading the voters to accept our ideas, by electing an anti-poverty-majority to the Legislature and to Congress. In every future election we are to nominate candidates of our own, pledged to carry out our ideas, and we are to keep on reiterating our platform of principles."

The audience cheered itself hoarse when Dr McGlynn said that the labor party, with its anti-poverty principles, would make no compromises with any other political party, but would nominate absolutely independent United Labor candidates for every election.

The latter said: "We will have a candidate for President of the United States," too. "He'll be Dr. McGlynn," shouted an excited anti-pauper, jumping out of his seat and waving his black derby. It was the signal that set the audience wild for two minutes. Dr. McGlynn went ahead with his speech in the uproar.

A QUARANTINE.

All Horses, Cattle and Swine Must be Held Twenty-One Days.

OTTAWA, ONT., July 25.—[Special wire.]—It will be a matter of important interest to United States exporters of horses, cattle and swine to know that the Dominion government has imposed quarantine regulations which pre-

THE BUCKET SHOPS.

It Is the Hardest Thing the Boards o Trade Have Yet Tried to Conquer.

CHICAGO, July 23.—The directory of the Board of Trade has started a crusade against the bucket shops and are determined that nothing shall stand in the way of their complete extermination. The anti-bucket shop law went into effect July 1, and has been evaded by the bucket shops who continued business right along under the pretense that all their trades had been placed on the Board of Trade.

The Board of Trade market report committee have ordered the removal by the ticker companies of all tickers in the offices of the suspected concerns.

This was found instantaneous, as the quotations were then secured from the blackboard on the open board of trade and transmitted by wire to the bucket shops. The open board quotations were then shut off and the ticker removed. Telegraph companies have been warned to desist in sending out quotation, except to approved parties.

The open board yesterday received quotations by wire from some round-about source, but during the night it was cut off, and the open board left without quotations for several minutes after opening. Almost immediately after the board opened, however, a blackboard man of the smaller institution was stationed at a speaking tube connected with one of the offices in the upper part of the building and quotations received by him without interruption for the balance of the day. Thus far the open board is victorious but the market report committee say every avenue by which the bucket shops obtain quotation will soon be closed, and probable the open board will soon be deprived of them.

Although the tickers have been taken out of bucket shops they still continue to do business and various quotations, bonds, stocks, grain, oil, appear with accuracy, and regularly on the black board. It is said these quotations are obtained from private brokers.

CLEVELAND'S "REFORM."

Officials Traveling About the Country at the Governments Expense.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—Congress was importuned last winter to do something for the support of schools up in Alaska, and, after a prodigious effort, in which the services of Governor Swineford were enlisted, the sum of $25,000 was voted.

The governor said this sum was wholly inadequate for the purpose, nevertheless, he was pleased that congress had made a start in the good work. The new commissioner of education is very solicitous of the welfare of the schools in Alaska, and has conceived the idea of making them an official visit of inspection but the question arose as to how he was to pay the expenses and could it come out of the appropriation made by Congress last winter, when Governor Swineford thought the sum of $25,000 so utterly inadequate for the purpose for which it was voted.

The commissioner concluded to ask Comptroller Durham of the treasury what he thought about it. That gentleman wanted the matter submitted to him officially, and he then decided that the trip was absolutely necessary for the good of the schools in Alaska.

There was no reason why Commissioner Dawson should not have his expenses paid out of the $25,000. This was enough. Dawson began to pack up just as soon as he had Durham's decision, and before the close of the present week he will be on his way to the center of territory, his expenses, about a thousand dollars, all being provided for out of the public treasury because he decided that although there are in Alaska a full corps of government officials who fully understand the country and its needs, yet it is absolutely necessary that he should go up there to see for himself. There are many officials who thing Dawson has made a nice thing of it in the way of a vacation.

LOOKING TO OHIO.

Great Interest Manifested in the Republican Convention.

WASHINGTON, July 20.—All the local papers comment upon the coming Ohio Republican state convention at Toledo, as the most important event of the present year. The Democratic convention at Cleveland, since ex-Senator Thurman has peremptorily declined to be a candidate, has ceased to attract attention.

It is conceded that much depends upon the action to be taken respecting the proposed resolution to endorse Senator Sherman for the presidency. If he is elected not be a candidate before the convention next year the political conditions of the country would be greatly changed.

Sherman is now conceded to be the only formidable candidate to go before the National Republican convention in opposition to Blaine, and should he withdraw from the race his action would undoubtedly give rise to a dozen new men anxious for the honor.

It might also develop a number of new men in the state of Ohio, who would see the field open for their advancement. The *Star* (Independent) in discussing the situation to-night, says in closing a short editorial:

"The news from Toledo will be read with more attention in all parts of the country, than the chronicle of a state convention has received for many a day.

GILMORE'S ACCOUNT.

A Bank Failure in Which $500,000 was Lost Caused His Fall.

LAWRENCE, Mass., July 23.—[Special wire.]—The failure of Riley A. McEvery has been elected provincial of the Augustinian Order in the United States, to succeed the Rev. John P. Gilmore, formerly of this city, but now of Waterford, N. Y., who has been deposed by Rome. The affair is a result of the failure of the Augustinian bank in this city, in 1883. Father Gilmore was then looked upon as a financial hero, when $300,000 deposited in the priests' bank was lost—how, no one can tell.

The Rev. C. A. McEvery was elected provincial in 1882, and during his four years' residence here devoted himself to the task of liquidating the enormous debt. He was a candidate for re-election, but, on the solicitation of himself and friends, Father Gilmore was elected by a majority of one vote. Gilmore voted for himself. Charges of dishonesty were made by the minority, and a commission being appointed, formal charges were sent to Rome, ending in Father Gilmore's deposition, and the induction of the Very Rev. C. A. McEvery into office.

AND THIS IS REFORM.

Harvey Turns Out to be a Pension Thief Who Robs the Poor Widows.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., July 25.—[Special wire]—There is every reason to believe that Oscar J. Harvey's frauds on the government have extended further and in other directions than has yet appeared. From developments which came to light in this section Saturday it is probable that he has done something in the fraudulent pension line.

Acting as attorney he not long ago procured a pension for Mrs. Elizabeth Ferguson, of Wyoming, a small village near the Susquehanna, amounted to $1,723 87, and a few dago ago a draft for this amount was made out by Gen. W. H. Davis, pension agent of Philadelphia, and forwarded, under Harvey's directions to an address in this city, and was delivered to Miss E. Harvey, a sister of Oscar, living at 47 Union street, to which place the letter was addressed.

Yesterday Col. Birdseye, of Scranton, received a telegram from Pension Commissioner Black, instructing him to stop the payment of the draft. He came to this city and succeeded in tracing the draft which had passed out of Miss Harvey's hands, and in getting possession of it before it was presented for payment. He was seen by a correspondent yesterday but declined to say in whose hands he had found the draft.

He did not know on what information Gen. Black had issued the order to stop the payment, but supposed that some evidence of fraud had been discovered. The matter will be thoroughly investigated, and it is not unlikely that disclosures will be showing Harvey to be a bigger fraud than at first supposed.

THE ATLANTA.

The Heavy Battery Is Worthless and More Experiments will be Made.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—In his report to Secretary Whitney of the trials of the guns of the cruiser Atlanta, Captain Bunce says that not only were the gun-carriages disabled, as heretofore reported, but also that the arrangement of the battery is bad, as some of the guns have to be abandoned by their crews that the other guns may be fired at the target.

Commenting on the rules of battery trial, Secretary Whitney said:

The reports are not very favorable as to the first trial of the guns, but as yet no matters of great moment have turned up. The trouble to my mind is this: If two rounds of her battery give this result what would a dozen do? And it is that which we are called upon to ascertain. She is meant as a fighting ship and must be further tested.

She should have a cruise at sea sufficiently long to subject her to trial of all weathers. Her battery should be tested by actual firing until its working characteristics are determined and defects, if any, discovered. For these purposes a board will be appointed and the matter settled at the earliest day.

THE GEORGIA MORMONS

To be Tarred and Feathered and Made to Swim Out of the State.

AUGUSTA, GA., July 21.—[Special wire.]—The Mormon missionaries who have been preaching in the Wrightsboro district of this county, and who have succeeded in converting a large number of ignorant people to their religion, have greatly excited the people who are opposed to them in that section, and in fact the whole country is in a fever.

Many attempts have been made to rid the county of them, but without avail, and Tuesday night a band of regulators, composed of men from Augusta and the Wrightsboro district, formed and drove them out of the district. The plan of the regulators was to tar and feather them and throw them into the river and make them swim for the Carolina side, threatening them with death if they returned to Georgia.

With this object in view they proceeded to the house of J. A. Turner, ten miles from the city, where the Mormons had been staying, but upon arriving there they found the Mormons had flown. They were, however, informed by the occupants of the house that the Mormons had only left for a day or two in order to prevent bloodshed, but that when the prophets returned they would be supported by a larger number of people than before, who would see that they were not interfered with.

In fact it was stated that the people would defend the Mormons with their lives. The regulators searched diligently for the Mormons, but without avail. They are, however, determined to rid the county of them, and will watch for their return. From appearances there will probably be bloodshed before the end of the week.

THE FEEJEE'S.

They Will Take a Hand in Bringing Order Out of Chaos in the Pacific.

CHICAGO, July 23.—[Special wire.]—Sir John B. Thurston, lieutenant-governor of the Feejee Islands, left for Washington via Pittsburg Thursday night on a very important mission. While Mr. Thurston was here he kept his business very secret, and left the impression that his trip was one for pleasure solely.

However, it has leaked out that his object is to attend an important meeting regarding Western Pacific affairs, in which the United States is taking a friendly interest.

Exactly what the meeting will do cannot be said, but it is known that the representatives from Great Britain, the United States and Germany are to be present, and it is believed that Samoan affairs will be talked over, and some kind of triple alliance for the future protection of Samoa.

Although Samoa possesses a king, the government of the islands is in a most unsatisfactory state, the condition being not unlike that of the Sandwich Islands.

It is possible that the tripartite conference is the result of a desire to establish a more stable form of government, and the representatives may fix upon some plan by which one government cannot obtain an undue advantage of the Samoan commerce to the detriment of the others.

THE CATTLE TRAIL.

Report That the Fifty Thousand Head were Turned Back at the Arkansas River Denied.

ST. LOUIS, July 23.—Telegrams from Dallas and San Antonio, Tex., discredit the report that the Texas cattle trail is to be abandoned, and that 50,000 head of cattle on their way to Wyoming were yesterday turned back at the Arkansas river.

Col. Simpson, who was reported as having agreed not the alleged cattle growers meeting at Denver, said that no meeting was not, represented there, and that all the cattle he had sent over the trail this summer are now in Wyoming.

He says it is probably true that there is little demand for Texas cattle in Wyoming, but that this will not cause heavy loss or be a serious matter. Mr. Hillard thought the report was intended to alarm Texas cattlemen.

He thought trail cattle were finding slow sale, but there was plenty of grass in Indian territory and no necessity to turn the herds back. From other quarters it was generally recognized that the old days of the trail is over and the only salvation is to establish packing houses in Texas.

A "NOAH" UP IN MAINE,

And the Heavy Rains Have Caused His Neighbors to Show Him Great Respect.

BOSTON, July 25.—[Special wire.]—There is a strange old man living on Bear lake in New Brunswick, three days' journey through the woods from Vanceboro, Maine, who has been told by a spirit that there is shortly to be a second great flood in which he is to play the part of Noah. He has prepared himself with an ark, which is moored to his little log cabin, and is ready to start on a sixty days' sail at a moment's notice.

The name of the prospective Noah is John Holson, and in his early days he lived in Amity, Me. The Indians about Bear Lake call him Sagonita, which literally translated, means "cracked on the big canoe."

As eight inches of rain has fallen during the past 48 hours, his neighbors are treating the old man well.

THE CROPS.

Statement of the Farmers' Review on their Condition.

CHICAGO, July 25.—The crop summary of the *Farmers' Review* says: Local rains in some localities come in the nick of time to keep the corn crop drouth lowered. There is an average condition of crops in almost all the states reporting. The average corn crop in 18 counties of Illinois is 85 per cent. Nearly all reported the soil in the 24 counties reports 80 per cent more or less damaged by drouth; 10 counties in Missouri 105 per cent.

Thirteen counties in Ohio report 98 per cent; rain needed in some counties; 12 Kansas counties, 92 per cent., damage by drouth in 9 counties; 9 Michigan counties, 100 per cent.; 10 Iowa counties, 98 per cent., some damage by drouth and chinch bugs; 10 counties in Minnesota, 97 per cent., some damage by drouth; 9 Nebraska counties, 102 per cent., rain is required in some localities. The condition is above the average in Wisconsin, also in Dakota. No change for the better can be announced this week in the condition of other crops.

NEW ENGLAND FLOODS.

The Great Fall of Rain Has Wrought Great Injury.

DOVER, N. H., July 25.—All rivers in this part of the state are higher now than ever known before in the summer. Freshets in Lamprey river at New Market, this morning carried away a large part of the old dam of New Market cotton mills; also foundation of No. 1 Picker mills. Engines and derrick employed some time constructing new dam were swept away. The loss can not be estimated at present.

A dispatch from South Berwick says that five members of a fire company, with a hose and hand hauling hand tub, while en route to a fire Saturday night, were prostrated by lightning, the men being insensible for some time, and one of them had his feet burned. The Cocheco river is rising rapidly, and the depth of the water rushing over the dam is 42 inches, the highest ever known here in summer.

ELECTRIC TRUMPET.

A Cincinnati Man Claims to Have Revolutionized to a Certain Extent.

CINCINNATI, July 25.—[Special wire.]—A young electrician living near this city has nearly perfected a trumpet to be used for telephoning at sea, on which he has been working for several months.

The invention is the outgrowth of his discovery of the great distance an echoed or reverberated sound will carry, and that speaking trumpets, if made to give the same fundamental note, would vibrate and produce the phenomenon known in acoustics as "symphony."

With this trumpet conversation in an ordinary tone of voice was carried on between persons four and a quarter miles apart. By listening to the whistle of a train and tracing it to and beyond Fernbank to Lawrenceburg, Ind., it was found that the instrument has a well-refined range of 20 miles—that is, a loud sound like a locomotive whistle or the rumbling of a train can be distinctly heard at a distance of thirteen miles in every direction.

Conversation was readily carried on between two gentlemen on high hills on opposite sides of the Ohio river, about four and a half miles apart. Tests made on the water showed that the trumpet was even more available than on land. The instrument will be patented as soon as perfected.

Queen Kap. Couldn't Wait.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 20.—Accommodations were secured this morning for Queen Kapiolani and the remainder of the Hawaiian royal party on board the steamship Australia which sailed for Honolulu this afternoon, the queen having decided not to wait for the United States cruiser Hassler, on which accommodations were tendered her. The Australia is expected to reach Honolulu July 27. No further intelligence from the island can reach here before August 10 unless by a sailing vessel from Honolulu, or unless one of the government dispatch boats arrive before that date.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Mobilization bill passed in France.

Yellow fever hangs on in Key West.

Simon Cameron is at Queenstown.

Brigadier General W. McKee Dunn, retired, has died.

Fire at Svensajany, Russia, rendered 4,000 people homeless.

The county of Antrim, Ireland, has been proclaimed under the Crimes act.

The Cleveland electric light carbon pool has been broken by a big Pittsburg firm.

Hamilton, Ont., offers $100 for the detection of the recent child assailers there.

Minneapolis has appointed a committee to invite President Cleveland to visit that city.

Two men, one white and the other colored, were killed by a flash of lightning at Hampton, Va.

Mrs. Cleveland celebrated her 23d birthday anniversary very quietly at Oak View, Thursday.

The total number of paupers in Iowa poor houses is 1,767, an average of 17¾ to each county.

About seventy men of Petersburg, Va., have been indicted for carrying on business without a license.

The Atlanta will be further tested to determine whether or not she is capable of carrying heavy guns.

Mrs. Dorothy Harn, New York procuress, has been sentenced to prison for three years and eight months.

The old lumber barge, Theodore Perry, has been lost on Lake Erie with her entire crew of seven persons.

Thomas J. Monarch, one of the largest distillers of Kentucky has died at Owensboro, aged 55. Liabilities, $500,000. It is thought the assets will exceed liabilities more than $100,000.

The recent primary election riots in Baltimore participated in by Federal office holders, has called out a communication from the government warning such office holders not to meddle in politics.

By the collision of a switch engine and an accommodation train on the Cincinnati, Lebanon and Northwestern road at St. Louis, George Johnson, and in his early days he lived in Amity, Me. The Indians about Bear Lake call him Sagonita, which literally translated, means "cracked on the big canoe."

As eight inches of rain has fallen during the past 48 hours, his neighbors are treating the old man well.

THE FEEJEE'S.

They Will Take a Hand in Bringing Order Out of Chaos in the Pacific.

CHICAGO, July 23.—[Special wire.]—Sir John B. Thurston, lieutenant-governor of the Feejee Islands, left for Washington via Pittsburg Thursday night on a very important mission. While Mr. Thurston was here he kept his business very secret, and left the impression that his trip was one for pleasure solely.

However, it has leaked out that his object is to attend an important meeting regarding Western Pacific affairs, in which the United States is taking a friendly interest.

Exactly what the meeting will do cannot be said, but it is known that the representatives from Great Britain, the United States and Germany are to be present, and it is believed that Samoan affairs will be talked over, and some kind of triple alliance for the future protection of Samoa.

Although Samoa possesses a king, the government of the islands is in a most unsatisfactory state, the condition being not unlike that of the Sandwich Islands.

It is possible that the tripartite conference is the result of a desire to establish a more stable form of government, and the representatives may fix upon some plan by which one government cannot obtain an undue advantage of the Samoan commerce to the detriment of the others.

THE CATTLE TRAIL.

Report That the Fifty Thousand Head were Turned Back at the Arkansas River Denied.

ST. LOUIS, July 23.—Telegrams from Dallas and San Antonio, Tex., discredit the report that the Texas cattle trail is to be abandoned, and that 50,000 head of cattle on their way to Wyoming were yesterday turned back at the Arkansas river.

Col. Simpson, who was reported as having agreed not the alleged cattle growers meeting at Denver, said that no mee